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The author of "ASCENT OF NANDA DEVI" describes his fourteen years in the tropics. $3.00

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The New Books

People on Relief

MAN'S COURAGE. By Joseph Vogel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. L. WHITE

THIS is a volcanic novel, whose material comes roaring up from the depths of American society—from that submerged stratum which may presently hurl up more vigorous protests than good novels. Its fabric is the daily lives and problems of the people on relief. And the sum of relief, with its omniscient rules and statistically necessary regulations, is a dull, stagnant, and soul-destroying thing. The novel's conflict is supplied by the courage of man which is not quite dead yet, which grasps the steel bars of this economic prison and shakes them in a not-quite-hopeless wrath.

The family of Polish-born Adam Wolak is typical of many hundreds of thousands who came here hoping to save for a bit of land, and who now find themselves on that fetid dump-heap of a wasteful economic order which we euphemistically call relief. We see first Adam Wolak's desperate struggle for little odd jobs, in the course of which he exchanges the now useless tools of his trade for a snow shovel in the hope that he may pick up a few quarters. After a little help from more prosperous friends there remains no food in the house, no choice but to ask for relief; then delay, and at last a subsistence check. Each of the milestones in the bureaucratic process also marks the center of an emotional vortex in the helpless Wolak family. The sum of these tensions explodes at the end in a vivid climax, when the family is evicted and man's courage surges up in high protest.

Joseph Vogel handles with skill and the power of great earnestness a mass of material which is rich, fresh, and vigorous. He points his unspoken moral with an economy of line worthy of the great Slavs. In this very economy lies the book's single defect. For occasionally Mr. Vogel's characters seem to fit too snugly into a conventionalized Marxian matrix—now and then his proletarians are a cut too noble or his social parasites a trifle too decadent or dastardly. But these are minor deficiencies in technique, and do not seriously detract from the basic realism of a novel which is powerful, significant, and highly readable.

W. L. White is the author of "What People Said," reviewed last week.

DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER
From "Bowleg Bill."

Shanghaied Cowboy

BOWLEG BILL: The Sea-Going Cowboy. By Jeremiah Digges. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

ONE of the best collections of its kind, this is another element in that body of indigenous folk literature which has come to be known as the Paul Bunyan cycle. The name is, in fact, rather unfair, for the gigantic logger with the blue ox is, as an oral tradition, rather strictly confined within the limits of the old Northwest Territory. Many of the same tales appear in the West Virginia mountains grouped around the name of Daniel Boone, and some are still staples in the lower Great Lakes, oddly connected with the personality of King Edward VII of England, who made a great impression there during his visit as Prince of Wales. Mr. Digges has now dug up a similar cycle, with seagoing variations, on Cape Cod, and there are a good many other counties to be heard from. He has done an extremely able and honest job, bringing out to the full those characteristics of American myth which distinguish it from the common, international pattern—its humor, Rabelaisianism, and the O. Henry surprise ending.

Perhaps the last has been inserted in the present tales by Mr. Digges himself; if so, it is hardly legitimate to cavil, for it is altogether within the tradition of this species of literature that the last teller shall add a bit, provided only that it will make the story more effective. The central theme of the group is the experiences of Bowleg Bill, a cowboy who was shanghaied to sea and who underwent various remarkable adventures with the aid of a sea-serpent and a keg of rum, the skipper's bull bassoon, a witch, and the devil in a whale's belly. To relate even the least of the stories in detail would be to spoil the reader's enjoyment.

Victoria to George

SLEEP IN PEACE. By Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS richly wrought and expertly handled novel opens with one of the most successful evocations of a Victorian childhood anywhere in fiction and continues through the World War to the death of King George V. It is the tale of two Yorkshire families interested in a textile mill, the one tending to be aristocratic in taste and religion though not of noble birth, the other consciously of the plain people, of dissenting faith, and inclining to the heavier bourgeois virtues. Three children are born to each set of parents, and the intermingling of these lives is the substance of the story.

One of the problems of a novel devoted to the theme of the succession of the generations is the handling of time sequences. Most of the story, which is relatively long, is seen from the point of view of Laura Armistead, one of the daughters of the aristocratically inclined family, who, though gifted with some artistic talent, is in some sense an "ordinary girl," and whose sensitivity to other personalities and to the changes in the domestic scene registers the flowing years. With a *dramatis personæ* of a dozen principal characters to manage, Miss Bentley maneuvers them in and out of Laura's vision with an adroitness so competent as almost completely to conceal itself. When it is remembered that she must in addition give us the "feel" of successive decades, the triumph of the method is seen to be a genuine one.

The reader, however, is interested not in technique, but in result. The result in "Sleep in Peace" is a human document of considerable significance. The Armistead family in particular (the aristocratic one) is imagined with a clarity and precision of delineation that are truly remarkable. Gwen, the elder sister, who, after her mother's death, takes charge of

Next Week

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE
By PAUL DE KRUIF
Reviewed by John F. Enders, M.D.

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN AND OTHER NOVELLAS
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

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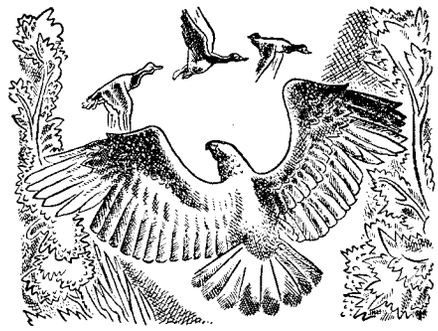
the Armistead household, is an extraordinary portrait—product of an era which held its women to domestic matters, and somewhat less remarkable but still real is her brother Ludo, who drifts to peace in an Anglican brotherhood.

The Hinchcliffe family are, for one reason or another, less successful. The parents are excellent, but the younger generation remains somewhat shadowy, though in Grace, the self-reliant woman of the book, Miss Bentley creates a recognizable type from the emancipation-of-women epoch. The youngest generation is less vividly seen, partly because they do not emerge from merely typical roles.

The background is Yorkshire, with a dash or two of London thrown in. But Yorkshire remains, quite properly, the substance of the story. The war generation goes off to the trenches and dies or returns to Yorkshire; the Yorkshire mind, product of the dissidence of dissent, remains, whether at home or in the capital, indestructibly itself. Yorkshire is the center of the changing world, but the center of Yorkshire is the textile business, whose fortunes and misfortunes create almost a secondary plot as the Armisteads and the Hinchcliffes rise to war-made prosperity or sink to desperate genteel poverty in the post-war depression. Only the ending is weak, and the ending, significantly, takes place in London, where Geoffrey and Kay, in whose veins various permutations of the family blood intermingle, too neatly incline, the one to fascism, the other to communism.

The texture of the prose, though the prose is no way remarkable for special stylistic beauty, is everywhere rich and full, save toward the end. The pages are packed with impressions, incidents, tragic emotions, comedy, and the sufferings of adolescence. The conversations of the Hinchcliffe family are, it is true, stilted, and there are times when Grace and Laura talk too neatly because the author wants to secure representative effect. But these weaknesses dwindle in the general impression of the thoroughly English quality of scene and characters, the excellerntly human significance of the whole. All in all, "Sleep in Peace" seems to me one of the more impressive books of 1938.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "SLEEP IN PEACE"



DRAWING BY LYND WARD
From "Birds against Men."

Birds As People

BIRDS AGAINST MEN. By Louis J. Halle, Jr. With Drawings by Lynd Ward. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS really delightful book is another document in the war of the behaviorists against the classificationists. I do not mean to smother beneath long words its excellently written chapters on wild life. The readers of the essay on Akbar the noble falcon and Shelmerdine the sulky hawk need not bother with implications, nor does the obituary notice of that extraordinary parrot, Lorenzo, suggest an argument.

Mr. Halle has made three regions his own in this book:—the semi-wild country near Pound Ridge in the New York country residence area, the tropic ocean, and the tropical forests of Central America. In the first he has a wild hemlock lake, and a stretch of impenetrable meadows where, as on the Concord River, the complex life of nature manifests itself as vividly as in a continent. He sees the first flights of Spring birds come over the horizon from the South. He steals the young hawks from their nests and trains them to fly from his wrist. When "the spring foliage droops motionless from the trees of its own weight, blanketing the woods with heavy green masses"—he watches the red-shouldered hawks in their nuptial flights.

On the sea he is less at home, but there is no better description anywhere of the man-of-war bird, most sensational of flying creatures. And in the tropic forests, where he was a worker, his account of a single clearing where toucans, parrots, and caciques feed, fly, and sport among ancient stone images of the Mayan golden age, is a little masterpiece of description.

But the key to his book will be found in the preface. "I had the choice of painting a stuffed bird lying with its feet in the air on a laboratory table, or painting it on the wing in a setting that included the world." This is a behaviorist's book, like the "Excursions" of Thoreau. It has sufficient ornithology behind it; but it is not ornithology as science writes it. Mr. Halle has a philosophy, which is, very simply, that man is only an extension of brute nature, and he is therefore as interested in the personality of his winged neighbors as in the habits of his kind. But habits and personalities—the zooming play flight of the pigeon flock, the wisdom below intelligence of the parrot tribe, the aristocracy of the hawk, the kingbirds' conquest of the kingdom—is precisely what ornithology has been willing to minimize.

To describe these personalities, these habits, requires a subtle and skillful style, which Mr. Halle possesses, and also a sympathy with the unmorality of the feathered world which earlier literary writers on bird life have often failed in. He is sometimes a little diffuse, sometimes overwrites his effects, would do better to leave out some of his generalizations on pre-history and stick to the bird in hand or in the bush which he describes so admirably. But surely we have here a new and valuable recruit for the writing of that nature literature which for two hundred years has been a feature of American writing.

The Dominant Female

DAUGHTERS AND SONS. By I. Compton-Burnett. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MISS COMPTON-BURNETT is an original and uncompromising novelist. Her comic gifts have been compared to those of Bernard Shaw, which seems scarcely defensible; and she has also been likened to Jane Austen. Here the likeness is altogether more aptly drawn. There is a resemblance in the dialogue, for Miss Burnett's characters, particularly in their pompous moments, speak with an elegance not of this century; but there is also, at the core of both writers' work, a hard, a rare wit. Miss Austen's genius, it is true, led her into softer and more delectable fields than any explored by Miss Burnett; but the resemblance remains, and it is one which even the most fanatical Janeites would hardly deny.

"Daughters and Sons" is concerned with the fortunes of the Ponsonby family, presumably around 1900. The Ponsonbys live in the depth of the English country, and theirs is a house from which governesses are forced to flee and children to gaze, as prisoners gaze from behind their bars. It is a matriarchal house; a grandmother and an aunt rule it with little mercy and less intelligence. Mr. Ponsonby, a popular novelist whose public is diminishing, has not seen fit to as-

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sert himself. The elder children say exactly what they think, but always as though they are frightened, which they are. A nightmare house: but Miss Burnett, who never exceeds probability, refuses to let the nightmare run away with her, and that makes it more effective.

Then, upon the arrival of a new governess, the pleasantness of whose disposition is only surpassed by the strength of her will, there begins that perhaps most profound of domestic tragedies, the breaking of the matriarchy. The novel rises to a peak of melodrama (for the governess agrees to marry Mr. Ponsonby and the thwarted Aunt Hetty pretends to drown herself); and in the subsequent denouement everybody's character and fate is subjected to a light which, though too sudden, is inimitably clear.

"Original and uncompromising" seems, at this moment of writing, a fair description of Miss Burnett's work. The two qualities are mingled both in her method and in her approach. Her method is to confine herself to conversation, and conversation, moreover, which is with only two exceptions (you will find one "quavered" and one "whispered" in the novel) introduced by the not exactly ingratiating verb "said." The book is almost entirely deprived of gesture; when a character turns his or her back, raises a hand, walks to a window, drops a coffee pot, it is as though the heavens had uttered their voice. Things may happen off-stage —a journey to London, an immodest proposal from the vicar, Aunt Hetty's night in the field—but on the stage itself there is for the most part of the novel little or no action. And when Miss Burnett is at last forced to make some concession to plot, she does so at the risk of becoming hurried and melodramatic; and the whole thing is only kept to heel by the force of a singularly clear intelligence. And yet you cannot stop reading.

That is, you cannot stop reading if you are willing to accept her approach to life. She will not compromise with the reader. Hers is a world where all the females (except one) are strong, and where all the males (except one) are weak or incompetent. If you don't like this world, there is nothing for it but to put the book down. It would be a pity to do so, for here, surely, is essential literature. These are characters and predicaments which might have been produced by any novelist in any country. Miss Burnett gives them a production which, if severely limited, is inimitably English. But where the present English novel tends towards sentimentality and complacency, she is tart; where it indulges in vagueness, she is mercilessly clear; and to its current disillusions she opposes a complete detachment. I don't think that "genius" is a word to be thrown around, but I am sure that she has some of it; and I am quite sure that "Daughters and Sons" deserves to be called a masterpiece.

Mountain Poet

BEYOND DARK HILLS. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.50.

BEFORE ever he published any of his stout, earth-imaged poems or any of his stories of his people of W-Hollow in Greenup County, Kentucky, close to the borders of West Virginia and Ohio, Jesse Stuart had written this story of himself for Dr. Edwin Mims at Vanderbilt University. Here as revised and amended it is clearly worth the professor's statement that in forty years of teaching he had never read anything so crudely written "yet beautiful, tremendous and powerful as that term paper you have written."

The crudeness is still apparent here but

DRAWING BY ISHMAEL
From "Beyond Dark Hills."

in Jesse Stuart's story of mountain folk and steel mill toughs and the goodness and the hypocrisy of schools, it seems almost a crudeness designed in art to show the young ruggedness of such a poet as could halt from the tending of mules in a steep mountain field to write a sonnet with a stick on a big poplar leaf. Jesse Stuart's was a crude world, tough as old Mitch Stuart, his Grandpa, who was a mighty worker but a mighty drinker and fighter too. It is a crudeness of the earth and of life lived close to it, joying in it: "Be envious of the snake because it rubs the soil closer than you." But here, as in his short stories, there is beyond crudeness a certain preoccupation with horror as well as beauty, with funerals and violent death and decay, with such ghastliness as carrion-eating dogs, as a story of unfed hogs tearing the flesh of a mother and her first born. Here is almost a reveling in death, a gusto in the report of country sin, in hard poverty, in violent religion, and in loud and violent play. But here, too, is as tender a portrait of a mother as is anywhere in our language. And though Stuart when he wrote his own story was either silent or more inexperienced in affairs, or bouts, of love than most of those he wrote about, his brief report of a childish passage in tenderness with pretty Maria Sheen is as graceful and complete as young love or the report of it should be.

So much beauty and horror decorate a very practical report of a poet's material success. There is a fire in Stuart which drove him down from the mountains to the amazing Lincoln Memorial College in Tennessee, which he describes, to Vanderbilt, to the production, almost mass production, of singing, sinewy, and veracious verse. But the poet is not all: the mountain man on a steep, rocky farm remains still a trifle amazed that a poem he made should bring a price equal to the value of three hundred and fifty-seven hen eggs with one egg left over. But if this is a success story it is a queer, lovely, unconventional one, and at its end, happily, country boy has not gone to town and made good; he is instead still in the country, aware of man and creature and plant and changing season and the eternal savor of a hard but stirring earth.

Small World

SWISS SONATA. By Gwethalyn Graham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

MISS GRAHAM'S novel is set in pure, high Lausanne, in the still purer and higher atmosphere of a girls' finishing school. The Swiss seem to defend themselves against the exaggerated romanticism of their scenery by creating for themselves exteriors of equally exaggerated propriety and dullness; but the foreign young girls who play the parts in "Swiss Sonata" are uninfluenced by the bourgeois calm of the natives. Washed up from various countries on this remote shore, some by parental neglect, some by political upheavals, each of these children struggled with her particular tragedy; to all alike Vicky Morrison, of whom no one knows anything, offers an inexplicable sense of security.

Miss Graham's picture of Lausanne and of the school, her statement of each girl's character and her demonstration of how it is influenced by what has been done to her, are deft and delightful. She has a very special knack of characterization and of dialogue, though some of the more philosophic discussions tend to be tedious. She maintains very well the impression of crescendo in these dramas; it is only when they are all resolved almost simultaneously that the reader feels a straining of the probabilities.

By turns touching and amusing, "Swiss Sonata" succeeds triumphantly in making a girls' school seem as rich and varied as the great living tormented world outside.

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The Saturday Review

BOOK PREVIEW

Breakfast with a Democrat

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The following chapter from "A Southerner Discovers the South," by Jonathan Daniels, is based upon the author's visit to TVA headquarters last summer. Subsequent changes in the TVA administration give particular timeliness to Mr. Daniels's report. "A Southerner Discovers the South" will be published by the Macmillan Company.

Keystone

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

LAST summer David Lilienthal was 38 years old, 17 years from graduation at DePauw, 14 from the Harvard Law School, but he was 32 years younger than Harcourt A. Morgan and 21 years younger than Arthur F. Morgan, his associates in the direction of the Tennessee Valley Authority. He was only four years old as a Southerner but already to South Carolina students he was using the pronoun "we" in contemplation of the Southern problem and in discussion of action to solve it. He used it, too, when we talked in the green garden back of his pleasant house in Norris and drank the glasses of orange juice which pretty Nancy Alice had brought to us before breakfast. It was a good morning, full of sun. I had been up and waiting when he came to show me the way and to show himself to me: in a gray suit with a maroon slipover sweater for vest, a big man, a stout man in the root sense of the word, a pleasant, round-faced man, spectacled. He grins, wide and shrewd, and there is none of the wide-eyed staring of the Utopian in his eyes. He can laugh as well as talk. And Middle Western man in Tennessee, he can be serious without violating Tennessee's traditional Rule Number 5: "Don't take yourself too damned seriously."

"We must," he told me, "get down to legume roots, as Harcourt Morgan would say. Mere grass isn't definite enough for him."

Nor, I gathered, for the younger Lilienthal. And it was no secret in Norris that these two, the oldest and the youngest on the Tennessee Valley Authority, were often at odds with the Chairman Arthur Morgan who sat in age between them and title (not power) above them. This Arthur Morgan, engineer, who became a college president without ever going to college, was born closer to the South than either of the other two members of the Authority —in Cincinnati, Ohio, from which, across a river, Mrs. Stowe observed the slavery she damned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Lilienthal, the lawyer, was born in Illinois. Harcourt Morgan, entomologist and educator, had lived 44 years in the South when he was made one of the TVA triumvirate, but he was born in Canada.

It was in the South that Arthur Morgan, TVA's odd man, lost the wholeness of faith in the ultimate wisdom of the masses of men. Once he told his associates in Knoxville: "Years ago with my engineering associates at Memphis I planned and directed the reclamation of many hundred thousand acres of very fertile land. The philosophy of that development was that if you give people the means for creating wealth and comfort they will work out the situation without further help. Yet today that most fertile land in America is the locus of the most miserable share-cropper tenantry, where poverty and bitterness are general and violence appears." Certainly that St. Francis River Valley country, where tenants struck and landlords flogged, which I was to see across the river from Memphis, has seen enough human troubles to discourage a man even in the Tennessee Valley. Coming in a lifetime from the one river to the other, Arthur Morgan may very naturally believe that "a certain amount of benevolent despotism" is a necessary addition to the best engineering plans.

But David Lilienthal talked undisturbed over his breakfast table and in his garden of the wisdom of the people when the people are given even half a chance to be wise. He talked with an almost folk-feeling of distrust for the experts in the direction from above of the living of people. In the vernacular, he referred to "damn social workers." Of a man he was quoting, he said, "He's not an economist, thank God." The burden of all his talking —and apparently of his thinking—lay along the way of faith that men in the Tennessee Valley and in the world are capable, given the true chance, of providing a decent world and living for themselves and their families.

This does not mean that he lacks faith in planning though he does feel that about planning "much choice tripe was uttered in the starry-eyed days of 1933." Once he said, "There is something about planning that is attractive to that type of person who has a yen to order the lives of other people. It has an attraction for persons of a vague and diffuse kind of mind given to grandiose pictures not of this world. Planning is a subject that attracts those who are in a hurry, but are rather hazy as to where they want to go so rapidly, or whether people want to scurry along with them. But planning and those charged with responsibility for the formulation and execution of plans must, above all, be realistic and pragmatic. Effective planners understand and believe in people, in the average man."

Far off from Norris I myself had almost believed that the noise that came from TVA was a simple quarreling between the power companies and the government over which should sell power to the people. I had not quite believed that the power attorneys were the only patriots and the TVA people only wicked politicians. But I had listened to power company officials make angry fun of the costs and rates of TVA power in dollars and cents. I was then only vaguely aware of the extravagance in the use of public resources for power and profit alone. Only by multiple purpose river development and control (for flood, navigation, erosion, national defense and power) can the public safety and the public welfare be best and most completely served. A proper division of those costs in a proper

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development for all these purposes is possible only under some such system as is growing in the Tennessee Valley.

But I grow argumentative myself. That morning I was interested instead in David Lilienthal's statement that the noisy quarrel over power was only the surface division over the fundamental philosophic cleavage within TVA between those who hold the antagonistic faiths:

(1) that the good life, "the new civilization," must be imposed, upon the people in general and the 2,500,000 people in the 42,000 square miles of the Tennessee Valley in particular, from above;

or (2) that the people themselves, freed from improper restraint and overwhelming handicap, are entirely capable of providing the good life for themselves.

Norris was not the last place I saw that conflict nor was David Lilienthal the last man I heard speak of it in the South. I think, indeed, that it is the central division in Southern thinking as perhaps in the world's. Not long afterward I was to pass the scene of similar conflict among Southerners on a mountain top at Chattanooga. I was to find it in the differences of Governors, and in the quarrel of a chemist in Savannah with foresters over the protection of the pines from the pulp makers. Not rare, this division between faith in strength rising from the democracy and power descending from authority is fundamental and at the same time bewildering in the South where the toughest Bourbons are often the noisest Jeffersonians and all slaveholder-thinkers vote the straight Democratic ticket.

"These Tennessee Valley people," Lilienthal declared, "are as capable of taking care of themselves as any people on earth. When we first began work at Norris the contractors did not want to use the mountain people. They were too light, they said; they were not used to working in crews. But it was the TVA policy to use the people of the region and after a year those who had opposed them said they were the best workers they had ever had. They were not only efficient on the job but they took advantage, too, of the opportunities for learning which were provided. I never saw people so full of pleasure in what they had learned.

"I remember a particular pair of men. They had come from a coal mine town called Wilder up in the hills, one of those worn out coal mine towns. I think the water had gotten into the mines. Making a living was almost impossible and living was a matter of perpetual fighting between the miners and the mine owners. There were thugs on one side and squirrel guns on the other. Well, not very long ago this pair came by my house to see me. They wanted me to know that they were pals though one of them had been a miner and the other a mine guard up in Wilder."

While he paused I looked at him uncertain whether he was Jew or Gentile. I meant to ask him and forgot. I had heard a power company president call him "Jew" as epithet. But I was less concerned with the stiffness of the bargain he might make with power executives, who before TVA had made almost whatever bargain they chose with the people, than with the idea that here might be a man flung centuries out from the dispersal who was aware that promised lands had to be made, not sought—something perhaps that the children of the first Americans have not learned. Indeed it may need 2,000 years in ghettos for its learning. The Jew might be back on the land, not in any plowing in Palestine, but as leader of the under-ones on the earth. In a world that contained Hitler and a multitude of hard-skulled, empty-handed little Hitlers everywhere, the idea pleased me. I hope Lilienthal is a Jew. That would mean something in a queer modern world.

I asked him: "You don't think these Southern hill people are biologically exhausted?"

He smiled. "Of course not. They're good folk. All they ever needed was a chance. You couldn't blame them as long as they lacked even that."

"Can they be given a chance?"

"They must be given one. We don't live in a desert. The South is a land rich in resources and the South ought to be a market important to the nation, but the average spendable income for each person in the South was $315 a year in 1936 as against $546 in the nation—$250 in South Carolina against $843 in New York. And there are counties—a good many of them—in the South where that income is less than $100 and they are by no means all predominantly Negro counties. Is it any wonder that their standards don't meet the ideas of the social planners? Our people have been scandalously poor. And that poverty comes straight to the central problem of TVA. Naturally we are interested in it."

"I suppose—," he said as he settled into a chair under the pines, "I suppose that erosion is really the first element in our job here. It not only destroys the land and so calls for the wonderful work Harcourt Morgan is directing in the fertilizer program. It also may fill up our lakes, clog our nine-foot navigation channel, cut down the volume of the water we can hold back to prevent flood down the valley—last Spring we held back enough water here at Norris to keep the level at Chattanooga below flood—and, by cutting down the controllable volume of water, cut down, too, the possible hydro-electric power which we may produce."

He waved a hand at the people beyond Norris's well-kept green hills.

"Well, the poor man is behind all that."

"How?" I asked.

"Take a farmer and a little farm, and a steep slope on it denuded of trees by the farmer. He has to make a living. He needs this steep slope to grow the things that will keep his family alive, and so he cuts down the trees and plants his corn. The soil is washed off in a few years, and the nation has been robbed of just that much of its capital assets. That's a familiar story. What are we going to do about it? Well, one way of going about it is to say, 'We will pass a law that any farmer who cuts down the trees and cultivates a slope steeper than a certain grade is incapable of farming. He is injuring the community and the nation, and by this law we will take his land away from him and turn it back into forest or meadow.' That is one way of going about it."

"A pretty drastic way," I said.

"Yes. Fortunately, I think, there's another method—the method of giving the farmer a chance to make a choice. It is about time that we recognized that the farmer does not cut down those trees merely because he enjoys cutting down trees or because he likes to see the topsoil washed off and destroyed, but because he has a problem of feeding his family and making a living. He chooses only between washing hill and starving family. But

PIONEER METHODS IN THE TENNESSEE VALLEY UPLANDS

TVA—Chas. Krutch

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give him a choice—a free choice—by making it possible for him to use his land in such a way that he will not only be able to support his family but at the same time protect his soil against depreciation. No need to fear how he'll choose."

"Yes," I agreed. "Farmers aren't fools for all the city folks that think so. But how are you going to make this free choice possible? That's not easy."

"No," he admitted. "But we're already beginning to do things here in the valley. I spoke about Dr. Harcourt Morgan's work with the cheap fertilizers. There has been too much draining away of the wealth of the South. We've been selling our soil along with our cotton. Sometimes even we've sold our people along with our products. We have added too little human skill to our raw materials. And, I think, we've been drained by systems of freight rates and tariffs that put the South at great disadvantage. There's plenty to be done and I believe the people will do it."

He repeated: "The people, these people here in the Tennessee Valley—in the South—they will do it."

The sun struck his eyes and he moved to escape it. He stopped blinking, smiling.

"I have no confidence in progress," he said, "that comes from plans concocted by supermen and imposed upon the rest of the community for its own good. I don't have much faith in 'uplift'. I deeply believe in the notion of progress and I have confidence in the general good sense of the average man and woman. I believe deeply in giving people freedom to make their own choice. It seems to me that the duty of leadership is to see that that choice is available."

"Why, that's democracy and faith in it," I protested. "I thought both were out of date."

He smiled with me.

"Yes. The people. I try to remember that always—that while most of us are dealing with figures, with blueprints, with charts and budgets, with building things, that is not what TVA is all about. TVA is about people and for people. TVA is about men and women and children."

And that, I thought as I got up to go on looking for it, is what the South is about and what the South is. And supermen can't save them. Indeed, they've suffered enough already from the pretensions and the presumptions of masters. But the South can be helped—is being helped—by young men like this Lilienthal. He may be a carpetbagger. If so, he is one who comes neither to steal our money nor reform our manners and morals but in the best sense of leadership to share our destiny.

I rode down the Sunday road to the desert which men had made in the mountains about Copperhill delighted with the discovery of at least one democrat, ardent, intelligent, and determined, in the Democratic South. He was not the last I was to see.

To Ape Is Human, to Create, Divine

FASHION IS SPINACH. By Elizabeth Hawes. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by MARGARET FISHBACK

THERE'S something sweet and old-fashioned about Elizabeth Hawes. Her preoccupation with "ladies" and "tummies" and durability and the lavish use of rich silks and sumptuous embroideries reminds me of my grandmother. This should not offend Miss Hawes, as my grandmother was a very stylish lady.

Miss Hawes differentiates fervently between fashion and style—fashion is a sadistic, fadistic, come-on game to make its victims discard clothes still in the prime of life simply because a legendary "they" decree skirts must be full instead of tight, thereby stimulating business. Style, she

ELIZABETH HAWES

explains, has lines, is comfortable, reflects the spirit of the times, and changes only about once in seven years instead of every six months. I don't quite follow her when she cites Queen Mary as stylish on this basis, but if she is, so was my grandmother, and I have the silks and the laces to prove it.

There's never a dull moment in "Fashion Is Spinach." It is full of vitality and indignation. I should never have believed I could read a book about fashion all the way through and find it entertaining, but such is indeed the case. As Miss Hawes points out, "there is comparatively little real news in the world of style and fashion," yet she makes her subject fascinating and humorous. Consequently I should take issue with her publishers rather than with Miss Hawes for having allowed her to make certain slips. She had to build up my confidence in her after it was broken down by such anachronisms as, "Fashion in America says that if Lady Abbington is wearing lace to the races, you should wear it to work in Macy's basement because you are afterwards going on to Coney Island." Now there's nothing the matter with Coney Island, but they just don't wear lace in Macy's basement.

Such assertions made me suspect that she either didn't know what she was talking about, or didn't care how she distorted facts just so she made a point amusingly. Her publishers should know, even if she doesn't, up there in her ivory tower, that for many years Macy's and all the other good New York stores have had dress regulations for their salesclerks. Miss Hawes worked for Macy's but was obviously never in Macy's basement. Even if the girls wanted to wear lace, they wouldn't be allowed to. Anyway, her publishers ought to have checked that, just as they should have edited such slipshod English as, "before she leisurely leaves" and "whom I know were there" and "tell whomever is trying."

Miss Hawes's vitality and shameless candor won me over in the end, though I still feel her idealism is suspect, because it functioned so much better on a full stomach. Says she, "I had gazed upon the bosses of American mass production in Paris. I considered them a bunch of thieves." Yet she subsisted on them and left their employ only when she could afford to. She admits her shame, and that is disarming, but she could have omitted some of the venom. She was gallant enough later on for she paid her debts when she could have gone bankrupt. Indignation makes wonderful literary kindling wood, but her chapter on men's clothes proves she has all the humor and richness of style she needs to make good reading matter without recourse to vitriol.

Though she seems to believe sincerely that she is a great contemplative classicist, she still looks like an opportunist to me. Her platform consists of beautiful and classic and functional clothes that can be worn for years with pleasure. Yet she boasts of her fuchsia cotton stockings, which sound self-consciously freakish, arty rather than artistic to my mass-production ears. I resent such simple little declarative sentences as, "Nobody has ever seen a chic woman in thrifty $29.50 clothes." And at the same time applaud her epigrammatic: "Half one's time goes getting chic, the other half being seen that way." I don't suppose she wrote the book just to get a rise out of me, but I still believe chic has more to do with the woman than with the price she pays, and that $195 or $275 is a hell of a price to pay for a dress.

Margaret Fishback, author of several books of light verse, is in the advertising department at R. H. Macy & Co.

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Learning to Write

WRITING AS A CAREER. By Thomas H. Uzzell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE principal trouble with this amusing, sensible, hardboiled "vocational guide" is that the people who will immediately recognize its soundness don't need it and the ones who need it won't believe it. If the indolent mystics who consider a successful novel a favorable act of God, or an upsurging of some hereditary blessing, or spontaneous combustion, could be brought to credit the facts which Mr. Uzzell presents, American book publishers could afford to pension the author and found a comfortable Home for publishers' readers suddenly thrown out of employment.

I would be willing to send Mr. Uzzell two or three dollars myself and I suppose my experience is not at all different from that of hundreds of other writers. After one of my novels reaches the Sioux Falls or Little Rock Carnegie Library there comes a sprinkle of hopeless manuscripts or absurd questionnaires from devoted souls who have given up plowing for several days to write something better than the stuff the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* choose, in their blindness.

Mr. Uzzell's fantastic theory is that the "gift" of writing is not a flame suddenly kindled in the soul by the angels, but the product of painstaking education directed to an end; consistent and disciplined performance; some native intelligence, and a good deal of native vigor. This heretic is trying to promulgate the idea that writing is a profession, not a gift of voices. Arnold Bennett's journals commit the same error. Bernard Shaw has had some similar ideas. Shakespeare never made any remarks about writing, as far as my researches go, because he was always busy sousing at the Mermaid or acting at the Globe and had no time to achieve a technique or to gather information on prosody, law, history, medicine, and such things. According to the assumptions of the amateurs who "turn off" a "piece," William's data must have been brought to him by cherubim with inky fingers and thick glasses.

Every writer who has done anything beyond the inevitable autobiographies of which most literate people are capable knows that creative writing requires as its simple implements some command of the niceties of English diction, which can be acquired in ten years or so, and some understanding of the building plans of fiction, which, as Mr. Uzzell points out, is the easiest thing of all. The hard job, I am led to believe after twenty-five years of regular and diligent effort, is to achieve and maintain a fresh and perceptive world-outlook and translate it through credible characters.

The author has included in the book some amusing tests of writing aptitude, which every reader will attempt between two hearty scoffs and one loud jeer. Your reporter did eighty per cent on the sophistication test, and maintains that Mr. Uzzell is completely in error about the two questions on which we disagreed—the advisability of shooting blind babies and the frequently embarrassing and disillusioning consequences of pre-marital honeymoons. I would like to write a 10,000-word rebuttal on the subject, to show how fallacious and trivial the test is, and how you will say it is nonsense for hours and hours.

The mental ability test really is nonsense. The first question concerns the number of three-for-a-nickel pencils that can be bought for fifty cents. I ask Mr. Uzzell, If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half how long will it take me to finish my novel?

Wrong, Uzzell. It will take longer than that.

This is a fine bit of informed, rational discouragement and should be taken deeply to heart by all Americans who shouldn't try to write books.

It won't be, of course.

Working on the Railroad

RAILROADMAN. By Chauncey Del French. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

I AM not competent to say this book is unique of its kind but certainly it has features all too rare. It is a book about industry from the standpoint of a worker thoroughly familiar with all its phases, a story of railroading by a railroadman, a term Mr. French uses only as a professional badge; it is the story of a life in terms of a life-work with the usual highlights including love, marriage, and children definitely secondary; it is a man's book with the masculine virtues of terseness, accuracy, and matter-of-fact honesty—and a superior one at that.

HENRY CLAY FRENCH

Henry Clay French's life, told for him by his son, seems to begin in 1867, at the age of seven, when he decided to be a railroadman. It spans a half-century of railroad growth, and with Mr. French's retirement in 1930, completes a cycle of railroading. For railroading is no longer either so hazardous or adventurous. In this time, Mr. French held almost every important operating job: he was a telegraph operator and station agent, yard switchman, brakeman, conductor, fireman, and engineer, evading official status so well that only in later years was he a yardmaster. He saw service on twenty-one Middle and far-Western roads, handled Kansas steers and Oregon lumber, was treated both handsomely and shabbily by the road managements (but was in only one, rather farcical, strike), lived through cowboy six-shooting, link and pin switching, bad train brakes, and barrels of Old Crow whisky, and was glad to see son Chauncey following in his steps. As a conductor, he delivered a baby on his train; with a quart of whisky as anesthetic, and tobacco juice the main constituent of a poultice, he made a perfect rejoin of a Chinaman's severed fingers; given six months to live by two doctors, because of a bad lung, he lived to see them both dead, curing himself with whisky and the air of a mountain run. He had three children by one wife, two by a second, and somehow, through a variety of financial ups and downs, kept those in his care alive and fairly well fed.

In short, to anticipate Hollywood, he is to some extent epical. But he is epical to exactly the extent that it is good railroading. For, though like all railroadmen he has his stories, he never forgets the job; the reader will not forget it easily either. The stories are as incidental to railroading as are railroad financiers who have their minor place, as caboose gossip, in the book.

Mr. Chauncey Del French has done a skilled, persuasive, imaginative job in rendering his father's life in his father's accent. So great is the transference that there is not the least break in including his own life from his father's viewpoint. If I may presume to speak like his father, he has written like a railroadman.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Amateur Poetry

WE do not mean what an elder of ours used to refer to as "Minus Poetry." He possessed one of the most amusing collections extant of that work which is so bad as to be uproariously good. And the editors of that notable anthology, "The Stuffed Owl," have demonstrated incontrovertibly that even from the works of the great, priceless gems of this nature may be judiciously selected. Not only does Jove nod, but occasionally any poet's Muse.

That to which we have reference, however, is the large amount of work in the realm of verse that is, in a minor sense, adequate. It shows a certain amount of facility, even a certain amount of technical ability. It comes to us in America through a good many little books and a good many little magazines, most of them fairly attractive in appearance. It exists sometimes in unpublished manuscripts quite as good as those that achieve publication. You cannot exactly dismiss so much earnest endeavor, nor can you—half an hour after reading some such collection—recall anything in particular about it. It constitutes the soil out of which real poems and real poets grow. It is not precisely waste then, save as it may become a weariness to those so situated that they have to read a good deal of it.

The amateur poet is one who is content with the spontaneous expression of emotion in a medium whose possibilities have not been really studied, in a kind of writing to which he or she has not devoted enough intense concentration, in a craft that first demands the hardest kind of work with words. To be sure, an unusual sensitivity to experience is a *sine qua non* for the versifier who is ever going to be more than merely that; but equally certainly a highly emotional state is not nearly enough equipment from which to produce a poem. Amateur poets have rhythm in them, as have most human beings; usually they have also an ability to write in rhyme and metre. They have little tunes going in their heads and a liking for pretty words. They are sensitive people—sometimes far too sensitive, for the real poet needs a certain toughness of fibre. Their writing is a kind of catharsis. And it frequently seems to them to have almost a religious aspect, in the sense that the words have "come to them" from some unexplained source and so may by no manner of means be changed. Their vocabularies are limited. They do not realize that so-called professional poets weigh and readjust every word, phrase, and line.

What we call "poetry," as a matter of fact, is an unreckonable matter that has eluded precise definition for ages. It is something that enters into a certain collocation of words expressive of a certain mood or idea, and may exist in the finest prose as well as in verse. But verse, like prose, is a craft that takes a deal of learning. When a writer has at his command, not only a thorough knowledge of the forms of verse and the possibilities of cadence whether rhymed or unrhymed, but also a precise ear for the sound of words, for their *look* and all their connotations, for even their shape and color—and words have these—he will write verse above the ordinary, and—possibly—poetry.

Naturally, he will also have something to express. But there are only so many human emotions, only so many fundamental ideas, and his power as a poet will reside in his own original choice of words, according to his own particular temperament, in which he may present any of these. That is quite aside, of course, from story-telling or narrative verse, in which he will also need as great powers as the good fiction writer in selecting incident and constructing his story. Verse being a condensed medium, he will also need considerable powers of concision.

The present writer, who has attempted it, has frequently heard it said, "But of course you cannot *teach* people to write *poetry!*" It is usually said with a supercilious air. No, you cannot teach anybody how or when the elusive thing called poetry may light upon and illuminate their words. But the amateur poet, if he or she wishes ever to be more than a mere amateur, will go to school, at least to himself; will set himself to practise—sometimes by the most notable drudgery—how not to be satisfied with first attempts, how laboriously to examine even the vowel and consonant sounds in any treasured phrase, how to use the blue pencil rigorously and go over and over his lines in his mind, till the excrescences are all too apparent and the more effective language begins to appear.

Amateur poetry is not analogous to amateur sport. It is not because professional poets make a little money from their work that they are professional. Also, they do a good deal more than merely profess. "Not all those who profess and call themselves Christians shall be led into the way of truth"—nor all who profess and call themselves poets into the way of art. A professional poet is merely one who has thoroughly learned the craft of verse. And even then he will find himself under fire from later comers who interpret that craft differently. The whole answer, of course, is not merely hard work with words. But until the amateur poet has at least learned that much, and has disciplined his emotion, he will not—to say the very least—have achieved a tithe of the pleasure and satisfaction the expression of emotion is capable of securing him.

W. R. B.

Rural Free Libraries

THE President's Advisory Committee on Education, in its recent report, recommended a six-year educational program, with specific proposals for federal aid to rural libraries. It is expected that legislation will be introduced before the present session of Congress to put the Committee's recommendations into effect. This legislation has the support of the American Library Association.

Estimating that 39,500,000 people in rural areas are without library service, the Committee proposes a federal appropriation of $2,000,000 for the first year of the program, $4,000,000 for the second year, $6,000,000 for each of the succeeding four years. "The grants to each State should be conditioned upon the establishment and maintenance of a State-wide library system through which free library service will be available to each inhabitant."

There is no question of the importance of establishing rural library service. It is arguable, ideally, that the establishment of rural libraries should be a local, not a federal matter; and that at least a proportional appropriation should be made by the states receiving federal aid. Nevertheless, in this case the practical argument overbalances the ideological; and the practical position is that rural libraries must be established by federal appropriation, or there will be few, if any, rural libraries established. The importance for a democracy of equalizing educational opportunities is the paramount consideration. The Committee reports that current library projects, improvised as a form of emergency work relief, "are being used eagerly by thousands of people who have never before had access to free public libraries." It should also be noted that the A. L. A. Executive Board resolution, endorsing the report of the Advisory Committee, recommends among other things that "federal funds be made available . . . for the construction in school buildings of rooms for school and community libraries." It is to be hoped that the project, following this recommendation, will use existing facilities where possible, emphasizing reading, not new buildings.

Further comment must await the introduction of the expected bill. Meanwhile the *S. R. L.* joins the A. L. A. in support of the Committee's proposals.

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Letters to the Editor: *Commander Ellsberg Returns a Salvo*

"Hell on Ice"

SIR:—As the author of "Hell on Ice: the Saga of the *Jeannette*," I am struck by Lincoln Colcord's inconsistency in reviewing my book. In a review in another periodical on Feb. 6, 1938, he wrote:

> And it must be said that Commander Ellsberg has performed his task faithfully and sincerely, with fidelity to the spirit as well as to the letter of the story. The additions he has made . . . inherent in the fictional form, are entirely legitimate. . . . "Hell on Ice" tells an appalling story, and the most appalling thing about it is that it is true. No wonder the book is destined to be widely read; it is a thrilling yarn, packed with drama from beginning to end.

And much more to the same effect.

Having delivered himself of this enthusiastic criticism, Lincoln Colcord then executes an about face and writes a letter to your *Saturday Review of Literature* (Bowling Green, March 19), in which he says:

> I've recently dropped in to New York . . . to run full tilt into the old story of the *Jeannette* Arctic Expedition, which I knew in youth but haven't thought about for years. Commander Ellsberg has just done a fictional rewrite of it. I didn't like it. You did. That is because you don't know the splendid source material of the expedition, which Commander Ellsberg speaks of as merely "sketchy and conventional."

That unequivocal, uncompromising "I didn't like it," after all the praise "Hell on Ice" got from Lincoln Colcord, leaves me gasping. Are there no ethics in book reviewing? If so, what kind of critic is Lincoln Colcord?

I seem to have trodden on some of Mr. Colcord's youthful illusions, but I see no help for it. The source books mentioned *are* sketchy, without exception omitting important data, so much so that the one Colcord is most wrought up over, which skimps most of the *Jeannette's* story, carries an apology in its preface from its publisher on this very point, as follows:

"Readers of this volume [Melville's "In the Lena Delta"] may have expected a fuller account of that interesting period than will be found herein; and will consequently regard our brief narrative of it as insufficient and unsatisfactory. Certainly it does appear, considering the few pages devoted to this prolonged and remarkable drift that we have treated it too lightly—" Sketchy? Yes, but what can I do about it? The publishers have themselves confessed it. So leaving Colcord to battle this out with Houghton Mifflin Co., who over half a century ago published the book, I'll pass hastily along.

In spite of his professed admiration for "In the Lena Delta," Colcord next tries to land some heavy salvos on its author, Admiral Melville.

"The real hero among the survivors was Seaman Leach."

Poor old Melville! I suppose if he were alive now, his whiskers would droop in

"WE'LL SETTLE IT ONCE AND FOR ALL! WE'LL PRODUCE IT *WITHOUT* A SCARLETT O'HARA!"

shame at thus being caught accepting medals, promotion, and the acclaim of the world for his heroic conduct on the *Jeannette* Expedition when these should all by rights have gone to Colcord's nominee and near neighbor, Seaman Leach of Penobscot, Maine. Of Leach, it can truly be said that for fourteen hours he manned the steering oar in a storm-tossed boat, but what of it? His own life was as much at stake as anybody's. But Melville's case was very different. After all hands were safely landed by Melville's superb command of that boat, and Leach was on his way south to Irkutsk, Melville, although half dead already from exposure, voluntarily stayed in the frozen Lena Delta to search immediately for his missing captain—not for fourteen hours only but for a month, undergoing starvation and the fear of imminent death while he fought Arctic storms and inhuman cold in his long search, an epic of self-sacrificing devotion that brought him the warm-hearted acclaim of the entire world.

Who was the real hero? I suggest as a good solution of this dilemma that Colcord be permitted to keep Seaman Leach, while the rest of us take Melville.

But Colcord isn't quite satisfied by slurring Melville's heroism alone and lets fly another salvo, directed at Melville's competence as an officer:

"Lieutenant Danenhower . . . took over the command in the crisis from Engineer Melville, who knew little about boats."

Took over the command? What a travesty on fact! Melville himself initiated the vital decision to heave to in that storm, took advantage (like any sensible commanding officer) of the varying talents of everyone in the boat from his subordinate, Lieutenant Danenhower, down to the Chinese steward, to help out, and carefully supervised what was done. To any skipper, Colcord's thesis that allowing a subordinate to execute a maneuver is having him "take over" the command is too ridiculous for discussion. Just to leave Colcord flapping idly like an Irish pennant in the breeze of his own nonsense, Lieutenant Danenhower, when that statement came up before the Naval Court, promptly denied it through his counsel:

"Mr. Danenhower did not and does not claim to have commanded the party."

The case of Colcord versus Melville puzzles me. What ails the man anyway? Why, when he apparently is so vociferous in his praise of Melville as the author of "In the Lena Delta," must he slander Melville's memory with respect to those important actions on which Melville's fame in this expedition really rests?

May I now chuckle a moment over the spectacle which Colcord makes of himself in his embittered final paragraphs wherein he endeavors to attack me? As one of those methodical engineers, trained to respect fact, in writing "Hell on Ice" I had to have at hand for daily reference a copy of the voluminous Congressional Investigation, where mainly appears the survivors' testimony showing the dissension and insubordination aboard the *Jeannette*, without which data (never otherwise published) no true account of

(*Continued on page* 20)

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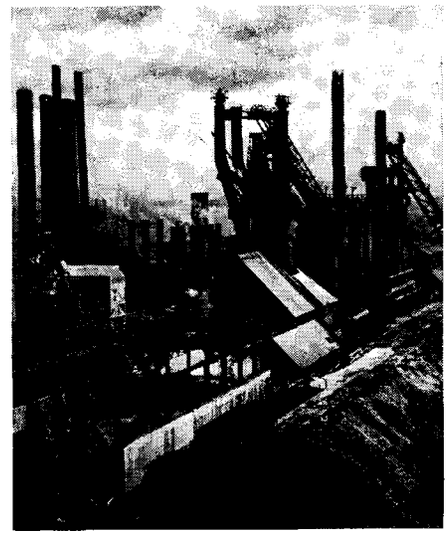
BOOKS IN THE NEWS: Labor

BY SELIG PERLMAN

THE current crisis in the American labor movement has already inspired a not inconsiderable literature. It is only to be expected that the dominant note in most of the recent output, both books and magazine articles, should be that at long last American unionism has reacted "normally" to its capitalist environment, in repeating the behavior of British unionism fifty years earlier. But the problem is why British labor was able to absorb its "new unionism" without an internal catastrophe, whereas here we have an ever sharpening civil war threatening the effectiveness if not the existence of both the "old" and the "new" unionism. It will not do to lay the blame on reactionary or adventurist leadership (depending on factional viewpoint), or to fall back upon the oft asserted predilection of the English for "constitutional" procedure.

To people on the outside, the labor movement is either a potential instrument to enact a new social order along the lines of their own particular blueprint, or a truculent unionism of the "more now" variety. Neither view is conscious of the labor movement as a "going government," its dominant problem being how much or how little to govern its constituent organizations. On the whole the degree to which a labor movement in a given country operates as such a "government" is determined by the degree of class consciousness which, as a psychologically cementing influence, acts as an effective substitute for the mechanical process of governing. It is here that the difference in the governments of the labor movements of Britain and America lies. British labor can afford to permit competing unions in the same craft as well as competition for members between craft unions and an industrial union, since there is a common class consciousness among British workers which acts to avert disastrous internecine war and above all treasonable alliances with the employers by one union against a rival union. Accordingly, British unionism has never made its central organization, the Trades Union Congress, into an agency to keep order by allotting definite jurisdictions to each union. Not internal government but external policy—pressure on Parliament—has been the *raison d'être* of the Trades Union Congress.

One of the latest commentaries on the history of the British labor movement is Allen Hutt's "The Post-War History of the British Working Class,"* a book written with verve and a wide knowledge of the facts by an observer and participant. Mr. Hutt's judgments are, it must be admitted, thoroughly conventional, since he attributes the failure of British labor to the leaders' refusal to follow the "line" of the *Comintern* rather than to the fact that England has issued from an historical mold wholly different from Russia's. It might with confidence be argued, on the contrary, that had the strategy of the heroic period of the Russian revolution been transferred to England, or even had a really audacious tactic been pursued in the general strike situation of 1926, the outcome would have been a militant coalition of traditional conservatives and frightened middle classes (the latter non-existent as a force in Russia). Mr. Hutt's call to "Working-Class Unity," in reality under a communist hegemony, appears especially unrealistic after the recent Russian trial with its devastating effect on revolutionary *morale*. The function of the British Congress being what it is, Hutt could concentrate on general policy toward Russia and Spain, or toward nationalization of industry. Internal "government" as such was not a burning issue in the economic organization of British labor.



H. C. Schrader

INDUSTRY

From "U. S. Camera, 1936" (Morrow).

The governmental evolution of American labor was different. At the time when new unionism began to grip England, the labor movement here took shape as the American Federation of Labor. This organization arose on the ruins of the Knights of Labor, a centralized body constantly given to interfering in the affairs of the trades. The founding fathers of the A. F. of L., especially Samuel Gompers, naturally emphasized the right of the affiliated unions to unhindered self-government. But as a matter of fact it was the menace of "dualism," namely the menace of organizations under the Knights of Labor engaging in cut-throat competition with the craft unions, that had caused the latter to form a defensive alliance in the American Federation of Labor and above all made them endow that organization with the all-overshadowing function of protecting jurisdictions. Thus while Gompers and his associates kept speaking of the Federation as if it were a perfect anarchist commune which any union was free to join or quit at will, from the beginning the Federation has really functioned as a government, the sole source of all jurisdictional grants and their supreme defender. Instead of being, like the British federation, merely an arena for ideological disputes and for formulating labor's demands on the country, the American Federation has acted as a governing entity.

It stands to reason that, in an organization thus constituted, a demand for structural changes in the union movement necessarily involves the basic governmental function of the Federation and is therefore likely to evoke a constitutional crisis. For here issues of strategy and personalities, explosive materials in themselves, are fatally commingled with the problem of maintaining orderly government. To the open-eyed observer the most startling element in the A. F. of L.-C. I. O. war has not been the *élan* of the newer organization but the solidification of the ranks in the older organization, and the spirit of resistance to the bitter end among the very groups in the A. F. of L. ideologically sympathetic to industrial unionism. This did not happen at once, but only as the issue became the defense of the established governmental procedure of the Federation. Progressives and socialists began to prefer conservative government to disruption and anarchy.

The agitation within the ranks of labor has, as was to be expected, called forth a number of books in recent months. Utilizing the existing work together with an independent and well-balanced account of what has developed under the New Deal, Marjorie R. Clark and S. Fannie Simon present in "The Labor Movement in America" a "short history" that is good reading even for those who are not afraid of bigger books. One of its virtues is that it is not too "forward looking" to notice the rationale of the "job-conscious" unionism. The careful historical approach of the authors has guarded them against an unrealistic enthusiasm for a short cut to an "ultra-progressive" labor movement; and their book ends on a note of hope for a reunion in the ranks of labor. An intimate account of the recent labor upheaval, coupled with a good knowledge of the issues, is to be found in Robert R. R. Brooks's "When Labor Organizes." The author's evaluations are, however, deeply tinged with the expectancies aroused by the C. I. O.'s "march to victory" during the first five months of 1937.

Enthusiastic reports on the achievements of the C. I. O. are given in two recent books, Edward Levinson's "Labor

* Titles, authors, and publishers of books discussed in this article are listed at the end.

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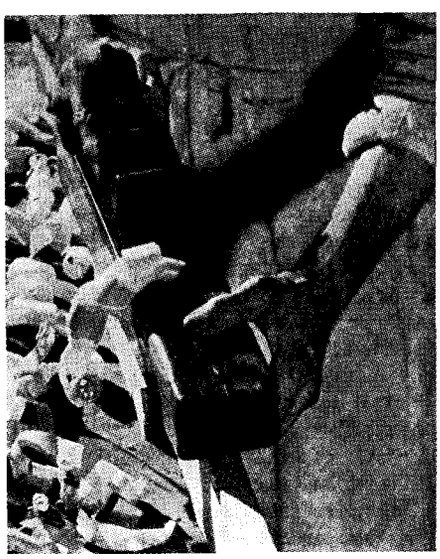
on the March" and J. Raymond Walsh's "C. I. O.: Industrial Unionism in Action." Levinson sees the "C. I. O. in Action" in the form of a duel between a quadrumvirate of light—Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky, and Howard—and a quadrumvirate of darkness—Green, Woll, Hutcheson, and Frye. Levinson's canvas is larger than Walsh's, and shows a more experienced wielding of the brush; also, whether real or fancied, his portraits live. In trying to give the great upheaval of our day a historical setting, he defines it as a modern Knights of Labor movement, with the same emphasis on complete solidarity but minus the "excess baggage" which was responsible for the victory of the pragmatic Gompers. Walsh sees the C. I. O. as a bulwark against a fascist attack on American institutions. In their eagerness to issue a death certificate to the American Federation of Labor, both authors have overlooked the danger to our democracy and to labor from a continued division. Nevertheless, Levinson is too faithful a reporter to find that with the C. I. O. America has been presented with a class-conscious labor movement. For the present he is content to watch Lewis's brilliant moves on the checker-board, confident that evolving conditions may be trusted to look after the proper ripening of labor's ideology. Of course, the A. F. of L. is "out of this."

If the A. F. of L. is a "lost cause," where does its resistance power come from? Are its defenders not doomed to failure in this age of machine technology and mass production demanding a class-conscious labor movement and unionism by industry? Is not there anything in the theory of the survival of the fittest? The answer is that one must not become overwhelmed by the sole importance of the technological factor in determining the fitness or unfitness of a labor movement. Labor is hardly headed for a metamorphosis into an unskilled factory proletariat. The idea that it is so is a survival from early Marxism. Whether the real, deep-seated aspirations of those who joined the new C. I. O. unions differ from those of craft unionists is more than open to question. Both movements can well be explained on the basis of a job consciousness without assuming any revolutionary class conciousness. Both are thinking above all in terms of job control and of formal agreements with the employers. Moreover, in the heat of the battle the banners are becoming strangely interchanged as are the arguments advanced before labor boards. Federation representatives are found organizing industrial unions, and C. I. O. lawyers are found arguing against elections by entire plants.

On the issue of labor in politics and reliance on labor legislation, the differences are likewise exaggerated by the exigencies of factional maneuvering. It is noteworthy that the Federation's attack on the National Labor Relations Board was not followed up by a demand for a congressional investigation. Obviously, the Federation aims to influence the Board rather than destroy it, and with it the very valuable governmental promotion of unionism. Also a return to the Federation's policy of the twenties, with its almost exclusive reliance on economic action and its shyness of politics, is out of the question under a "reconstructed" Supreme Court and a contracting capitalist economy which forces the government to take up the slack.

Nor is there any appreciable difference in their respective fighting effectiveness. Where the C. I. O. has the advantage of a more flexible and more inventive strategy, the older organization derives strength from its more ready acceptance by the middle classes, which so far as labor is concerned will more easily forgive violence that does not advertise itself as revolutionary than they will overlook a revolutionary label even if pasted on by an enemy. The plea for unity raised by President Dubinsky and others is well



CRAFT

From "The Village Carpenter" (Cambridge University Press).

supported by searching analysis. A labor movement which for over fifty years has lived as a unified government will never again see peace if it continues as two rival labor sovereignties. What is in store in the absence of peace is an endless succession of drawn battles rather than an Appomattox.

Selig Perlman is professor of economics in the University of Wisconsin. His "Labor Movements," (in collaboration with Philip Taft) Volume IV of "The History of Labor in the United States," was published in 1936.

THE POST-WAR HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WORKING CLASS. By Allen Hutt. New York: Coward-McCann. 1938. $2.75.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By Marjorie R. Clark and S. Fanny Simon. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $2.

WHEN LABOR ORGANIZES. By Robert R. R. Brooks. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 1937. $3.

LABOR ON THE MARCH. By Edward Levinson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $3.

C. I. O.: INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN ACTION. By J. Raymond Walsh. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Big Time Athletics

FAREWELL TO SPORT. By Paul Gallico. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN R. TUNIS

BUT there's nothing new here. True, dear reader. There isn't meant to be. This is history. This is the story of our leisure time in the United States between 1924 and 1930, when the American male would pay sixty dollars for a bad seat at a prize fight which he knew was framed, and twenty dollars to watch, in a December blizzard, a football game about which he knew nothing. It was the era of million dollar gates, of promoters who got rich overnight, when eight or nine stadia scattered over the country were full with eighty thousand spectators every Saturday. When characters like Dempsey and Tilden and Jones and Sande and Ruth were performing for the multitudes. It was a strange time, and Mr. Gallico is its recorder.

A good recorder, too. Because he is first of all a former college athlete, and, unlike most of the tribe, a man who continues to play games. Moreover, he is one of that small circle of writers who are the despair of the rest of us pedestrians; he cannot be dull. He is wrong sometimes, inaccurate sometimes (who of us isn't?), but dull, never. Whether he is discussing Mildred Didrikson or Primo Carnera or the race question in sport, he is always entertaining.

The book isn't in the least profound, and seldom touches on some of the fundamental problems of what for lack of a better term we call sport. It never pretends to do so. It is what it is, and nothing more, an amusing, readable, and accurate account of the scenes and the dramatis personæ of big time athletics during one of the most cockeyed periods of these United States. As such a valuable contribution to Americana.

Mr. Gallico tells of his mistakes, how and why he chose Dempsey to beat Tunney, explains his technique of always guessing wrong to amuse the clients, is frank, modest, and gives a real picture of the life of a sports writer on a metropolitan daily. He often sums up in one penetrating sentence. "Golf makes a simple-minded, superstitious peasant out of an otherwise apparently intelligent person." "Champs are dull and solemn dodos." "I watched football degenerate into the biggest and dirtiest sports racket the country has ever known."

His best chapter is on baseball, a game he loves and writes well about. The poorest is on football, to which he adds little that wasn't said when he was rowing on the Columbia crew. It's hard to agree with his estimate of the honesty of sports writers; but Mr. Gallico has never lived in a small town. In the next edition he ought to correct a few inconsequential errors in an otherwise first-class job.

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Mousetraps for Mice and Men

BY ELMER DAVIS

ELMER WHEELER

CRITICS of the present economic order ought to realize by now that what they are shooting at is not the "capitalist system" but the capitalist lack of system. A System would never have allowed the book* here considered to be advertised for sale to the general public. Its contents would have been circulated as confidential memoranda to sales managers, with no risk run of their falling into the hands of the consumer.

Its author is a practical psychologist whose Wheeler Word Laboratory, in the past ten years, has tried out 105,000 word combinations on nineteen million people to see what phrases most effectively sell the goods to the customer. What goods, to what customer? That is not Mr. Wheeler's concern; he is a technical expert. So is a chemist, or an aviation engineer, who serves pure science in the laboratory; if the end product of his labors is such an appalling slaughter of the innocents as is going on at this writing in Barcelona, that is not the business of the technical expert. He devises the means, leaving others to determine the ends.

Mr. Wheeler is not quite so hard-boiled as that; every now and then he weakens his argument by some weasel words about being sure your goods give real "owner benefits"; but his technique can be used to sell whatever you have to sell, to anybody who happens to be in the line of fire. "The mousetrap will ALWAYS spring at the right moment," he assures you, "if you bait it right"; and some of his illustrations are educative to the mouse still untrapped. For instance, the piano buyer in a department store whose boss told him he could give his customers only twelve months to pay, when his competitors were giving them eighteen. He merely advertised, "A Whole Year to Pay!" and sold more pianos. Or the Cleveland civic booster faced with the job of shaking down business men for twice as big a contribution to the second year of a local exposition as they had made to the first. He told each man privately that the committee was thinking of putting him down for three times last year's quota, but that he might head them off by getting in his check for double the amount before they met. Or the butcher who, cutting two pounds of steak for a woman who wants only a pound and a half, does not say "Is that too much?" but "Will that be enough?"

"Don't ask if," our counselor advises, "ask which!" To the customer buying soap, never say "Large or small?" but "Do you want the economical family size?" (which, of course, is the large size). Ignore the possibility that the prospect might not want the goods; ask him "When do you want delivery? How would you prefer paying?" A hotel chain boosted its wine sales by asking every diner, "Would you care for a red or white wine with your dinner, sir?" till it encountered a New England customer (he ought to have a statue on Boston Common) who asked, "Is it on the house?"

This, it will be observed, is the technique of diplomacy, not of war. Ambassador Kennedy has said that "you cannot run down a customer with a bayonet," and Mr. Wheeler would agree with him, at least since hard times have taught prospects the bad habit of saying "No." The old high-pressure methods, accordingly, must give place to subtlety and suavity. No longer does the household canvasser stick his foot in the door incautiously opened by the housewife; he suggests (in winter) that the house is getting cold while they talk on the doorstep, or (in summer) that they are letting in the flies. Nor should he, says Mr. Wheeler, smile "insincerely" at the prospect, "like the wolf at Red Riding Hood." But what could be more sincere than the smile of a wolf contemplating a square meal, whether he expects to get it by the methods of Hitler or of Metternich?

"Good sales words," we are told, "must be clothed in 'innocence' to work effectively, for once you recognize that you are being sold with a sales talk, you will close your reasoning and become a poor prospect." This implication that reason is not reason unless it is based on ignorance deserves the attention of philosophers. As an example of what "innocence" means in this connection may be cited the salesmen of a butter-and-egg house, who don't ask the grocer if he wants to buy more butter and eggs; they tell him they have been sent to get his opinion as to how he can sell more butter and eggs. Or the salesman of farm implements who begins by asking the farmer, "How would you like to have a new cow every year?"

The detailed exposition of the technique of making a sale ought to be worth money to any salesman, and still more to any consumer. "Always get the customer's alibis or excuses." (Observe that the burden of proof is thrown on the defense, not on the prosecution.) "'Why?' is the hardest word for the prospect to answer." If you can once make him admit, "That is my only objection," you've got him; for whatever it is, there is an answer to it. If he asks you why he should buy the damn thing at all, come right back at him with "Why do you ask me why?" (There must be some law providing that this word may be used only by the salesman.) "When you are lost for words, ask questions . . . Keep the prospect talking and you do the thinking."

But most of your thinking is given you here, in capsule form. If the prospect is crass enough to ask the price, you should reply, "I am coming to that, but first let me show you—" If he says he knows

* *TESTED SENTENCES THAT SELL. By Elmer Wheeler. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1938. $3.75.*

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about this machine, and it doesn't work right, tell him, "That was true of the old-fashioned ones. But this new model—" And when at last he (or she) is ready to "hit the trail for you," don't imperil the sale by the sudden and alarming display of fountain pen and order blank. These should have been brought to sight much earlier, in some harmless connection; and now, instead of telling the prospect to "Sign here" (words that still make some people jump) you observe soothingly, "Then I'll place my O.K. here, and just above is a place for your approval." And the mousetrap is sprung.

Much else that Mr. Wheeler has to say will interest the sociologist. There is the story of how masculine interest was aroused in a personal deodorant by advertising it as "For ACTIVE Men." Or the technique of selling imitation vanilla, candidly admitting that it is imitation, but not till you have so fixed the customer's attention on other points that she pays little attention to this one. Or Mr. Wheeler's shrewd comments on the 1936 campaign (Salesman Landon and Salesman Roosevelt were offering about the same goods to the same prospects, but Salesman Landon committed the fatal error of talking more about his competitor's product than about his own). Or the hotel which discovered that courtesy pays; if the bartender pours the customer's whisky he fills the glass to the rim, but the customer is seldom skillful enough to do that, and besides is afraid of seeming "Scotch" to his friends, so "the hotel can get an approximate average of a dollar more per bottle if it is gracious enough to permit the guests to pour their own drinks. Try this technique in your own home."

It is painful to learn that to salesmen of a certain vacuum-cleaner company the prospect is known generically as Elmer; but even among Elmers there are distinctions. The Elmer who writes this review, never much of a prospect, is even more sales-resistant now that he has read the ritual; but the Elmer who wrote the book takes his own medicine, and likes it. When he stops at a soda fountain, he despises the miserable incompetent who asks if he wants a large or a small Coca-Cola, or if he would like an egg in his chocolate milk shake. The man for Wheeler is the one who says "Large?" or "One egg or two?" If our author goes around town sloshing with superfluous Coca-Cola, overstuffed with unwanted eggs, at least he is sustained by the consciousness that he has shown his faith by his works.

And why not? he might reasonably ask. We are all both producers and consumers, both prospects and salesmen; the man who keeps his money buttoned in his pocket will in the long run do neither himself nor society much good. If you ask what the prospect is going to buy with—well, by buying from the salesman he gives that man more purchasing power with which, in his alternate character of prospect, he can buy from his prospect-turned-salesman. Thus we can all live in prosperity and happiness, by springing mousetraps on one another.

A critical examination of this system of social mechanics would lead down into depths to which Mr. Wheeler is happily indifferent; and once again he might ask with some reason, Why not? Whatever may be the long-run objectives and values of our society (a point on which few people are very clear), we do most of our living in the short run; and right now this country would be a more comfortable place to live in if more mousetraps were being sprung, provided there was anything to spring them on. Much of the Wheeler technique can be approved without reservation by anybody who likes to see a job done well rather than done badly; whether the time of the human race might be better employed doing a different kind of job is another and more complex question.

None the less, it was unwise to admit this book to general circulation. It isn't much fun to be fooled, and it is even less fun to know how the trick was turned. The effect of this candid exposition on at least one reader was to make him feel like going out into the wilderness to live on locusts and wild honey.

A WORD ABOUT Gerald Bullett's NEW NOVEL

THE BENDING SICKLE

In this story a young publisher tries to induce an elderly woman to re-issue a naive novel which she wrote in her youth. But the real story is what happened to that woman in the years between. It is a glowing tale of life and love, of despair and happiness, and it does an unusual thing to you—the reader. It leaves you thoroughly content, a completely satisfying book, entertaining from first page to last.

Mr. Bullett's new novel is distinguished by the same superb craftsmanship and the unflagging interest that marked his highly successful novel, "The Jury."

The first reviews are very good:

"'*The Bending Sickle*' is a book whose contemporary and universal significance are blended in a rich humanity. The never flagging interest and entertainment provide not an anodyne but a stimulant, as tonic as a week-end among the mountains. There are over a score of characters, all of whom we get to know reasonably well and a handful who are revealed with the special intimacy that belongs peculiarly to the art of the novel at its best."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"'*The Bending Sickle*' is agreeable for its country flavor, its occasional humor, its tenderness, and the look of the lovely English land."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

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Regional Rights

THE ATTACK ON LEVIATHAN: Regionalism and Nationalism in the United States. By Donald Davidson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT AGAR

FROM the first days of our life as a nation the South has protested against the use of federal power to create special advantages for other sections of the Union. Any nation the size of ours must face the fact that an economic system desirable in one section may work ruin in another. Much of the most important thinking in the South has been devoted to this problem, to the question of how to save minorities from "the tyranny of the majority." This was the motive for the nullification doctrine of the South Carolina Exposition in 1828, for the "concurrent veto" suggested in Calhoun's books on government, for Jefferson Davis's plan for a dual executive.

The same problem forms the central theme of this eloquent book by Donald Davidson of Tennessee. Mr. Davidson takes as his motto the words of Blake: "One law for the lion and ox is oppression." He takes as his enemy Leviathan, the all-powerful state. For he knows that if the United States is ever run on a single centralized pattern, there will be small place in that pattern for the special interests and prejudices and traditions of the South.

He knows, furthermore, the extent to which the economic and cultural interests of the South have already been sacrificed to Northern and Eastern sectional interests. He is armed with the alarming statistics to be found in such books as Howard Odum's "Southern Regions" and Walter Prescott Webb's "Divided We Stand." Reviving one of the great subjects of American political debate, Mr. Davidson explores with subtlety and knowledge the question of how to make our country a successful federation.

The mere raising of this question annoys many Eastern liberals, who appear to feel it is a subterfuge for evading the question of class exploitation. In this they are wrong. One of America's major problems is that it is hard to deal with class exploitation without increasing the power of the federal government, and almost equally hard to deal with regional exploitation without reducing the power of the federal government. The dilemma calls for patience and wisdom. We shall not find an answer if we insist on simplifying the dilemma by leaving out one of its terms.

"The struggle between the sections," writes Mr. Davidson,

> has been a contest for supremacy in the Federal government, and the victorious section has fostered, by means of the Federal mechanism, the kind of national program that suited its sectional ideas and purposes. . . . It is necessary to declare the Federal government, especially in its later, "consolidated" form, as one of the chief agents of sectionalism. And, we might add, the more consolidated it becomes (and hence the more insistent upon fitting the sections of the United States, regardless of their differentiations and diverse interests, to the procrustean bed of one law for all alike), the more severe the pressure for sectional action will become, and the greater the possibility of disunion.

Aware of the menace from Leviathan, Mr. Davidson seeks "a definition of the terms on which America may have both the diversity and the unity that give soundness to a tradition." He will be accused of reviving old Southern animosities. In fact, he is reviving an element in our thought which should help us to allay sectional animosities. Anyone who thinks that such animosities no longer exist ought to travel through New England interviewing Yankee business men on the merits of the New Deal.

"The recognition of sectional diversity," writes Mr. Davidson, "is the true safeguard of national unity. The danger to national unity comes when diversity is ignorantly or willfully put aside as a thing of no importance, or when it is assumed that no diversity exists."

Calhoun might have written those sentences. So might Daniel Webster in his early days when he wrote the Rockingham Memorial, for years a favorite document of the nullifiers. So might Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts when he and the Federalist hotheads plotted to take New England out of the Union rather than suffer the oppression which they feared from Jefferson.

The problem of sectional fears and sectional exploitation is as old as the Constitutional Convention and as new as the East Texas oil fields. It has seldom received so humane and many-sided a treatment as Mr. Davidson gives it in these essays. The main theme is illuminated from diverse points of view. It is discussed in terms of history, politics, geography, culture, economics, morals, and sociology. Even the readers who may be exasperated by Mr. Davidson's Southernism will learn much about the American mind from this powerful book.

Herbert Agar, author of "The People's Choice" and "Land of the Free," is on the editorial staff of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Paper Boy

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

WHAT was I saying?
Was it about how I carried
Route Twenty-four on *The Denver Republican*
From Cherry Creek to sunrise peddling down
The Mummy Range and the Never-Summer mountains?

You think I couldn't sail a paper now
Right out of this car and over all these ranges,
And make it bank and slide with the knife-edge up
Against Mount Massive just in time for breakfast?

O it was good to see the sun come up
When you were bumping a president dead as meat
On the handle-bars and you thought they ought to know.

I've known the arc-lights to go out
At five o'clock on the summer side
Between the time it took to flip
A sinking ship against a screen
And the time you heard it hit.

And presidents died and ships were sunk
For other towns: for Galveston,
Atlanta, Phoenix, Syracuse . . .

A bicycle for Tensleep,
A bicycle for Lodgegrass,
A bicycle to jump the curbs
Of dawn in the Big Horn Basin,
But I'm not sure about these towns,
Maybe the lava buttes could wait
For a paint-horse rig in the afternoon.

You get a feeling there is time
To make sure what won't happen next
When you see the great blue herons flapping
Out of the blue shale bluffs across
The slow Shoshone River.

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Some New Theories about Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE REDISCOVERED. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

FRANCIS THOMPSON once alluded to the Elizabethan age as a time "when a man got up in the morning and said, 'I have an idea. If you have nothing better to do, let us go continent-hunting.'" In such a spirit Mme. de Chambrun has set out to rediscover Shakespeare. The result is both magnificent and absurd. With magnificent courage, energy, and resourcefulness she has followed out new clues and ventured rash inferences which will have to be thoughtfully considered. To the professorial mind (which she candidly abhors) it seems little less than absurd that the countess has not bothered more about accuracy of date, quotation, and argumentative logic.

The professors will, as I say, have to take her new findings, puzzle them out, and be thankful; but before they can do this they will have a heavy task of rectification to carry through. They will wonder, for example, why it is stated on page 40 that Shakespeare was baptized in April, 1563, or on page 27 that the "natural retaliation of the See of Rome" for Norfolk's execution in 1572 was the papal Bill of Excommunication in 1570; or why, when Southampton's birth is correctly dated on page 114 (October, 1573), the next page should fix his coming of age in October, 1593. They will find quoted passages so habitually inexact that they will begin by assuming that the countess misuses her admirable memory and end by inferring that she employs quotation marks not to give the author's words but to italicize her notion of what the author meant. They will be frequently appalled by the assumptions she allows herself; as, for instance, that the performance of "Richard II" in 1601 "caused the death of six men," because six men who attended it were executed for their complicity in the Essex plot; or that "the supposed connection of actors with the idea of papistry and plots caused all playhouses to be relegated to the Surrey side of the Thames"—which is to imply that the London municipal authorities (who opposed plays) had the national safety in mind and the Privy Council (who favored them) did not.

I have not overstated the case for the professors, but the churliest of them must admit that Mme. de Chambrun has written a brave and potentially illuminating book. Her most striking new ideas are that Shakespeare was all his life a Papist, supported by Papists and persecuted by Protestants; that his concern in the Essex rising forced him to flee to Scotland in 1601; and that the copy of Holinshed's Chronicles which she recently discovered in Stratford is Shakespeare's own copy with marginalia in the poet's hand. These are arresting thoughts and worth study, but not, I think, at present worthy of credence. One of the minor factual contributions in the book is a satisfying proof that the poet's will is in Francis Collins's handwriting—which has been often stated, but never so well demonstrated; and one of its laudable merits is the author's frank and scholarly retractation of an earlier opinion in this regard.

Tucker Brooke is professor of English at Yale University.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 212)

DON MARQUIS—"THIS IS ANOTHER DAY"

This is another day; and its young strength
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song. . . .
And out of all the dust and death of mine
Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart
And living faith.

Reminiscences of an Irish Story Teller

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN. By Seumas MacManus. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

NEARLY forty years ago, Mr. Seumas MacManus came to this country on a political errand and, with intervals in his native Donegal, he has remained here, more or less, ever since. Despite that fact, and despite his having been all his life a militant nationalist, this autobiographical volume has more analogies with "Twenty Years A-growing" and "Man of Aran" than with "Hail and Farewell," "As I Was Walking Down Sackville Street," or "The Trembling of the Veil." The latter three are as truly Irish as the former two, but a stranger might well be puzzled as to how all five could be the work of writers born in the same small country and writing of life there. Of course, Irish life on the Great Blasket, on the Aran Islands, and in Dublin, presents the usual differences between urban and rural civilization, but in Ireland these differences are more sharply marked. Mr. MacManus, save for his final chapter, in which his first arrival here is briefly described, has con-

Tommy Lee Feathers and his Black Angels make a *second* touchdown for ED BELL author of *Fish on the Steeple*

AMID the joyous cheers of critics and readers, Ed Bell charged onto the literary field with his lusty, flavorful, novel of small southern hill towns—*Fish on the Steeple.* Here he comes with another book that is sure to repeat his earlier triumph and add to his fame.

Tommy Lee Feathers is more than the story of the fightingest fullback in the whole South, the "Red Grange" of the colored race. It is also the story of his revivalist mother and her flock, of Sister Never-Die and her "fatherless" children, of rich and ratlike Witherspoon Rawls, of Doctor Fleetwood who wore pink shirts and played practical jokes, and of Lury, the northern girl who broke Tommy Lee's heart. It is the story of Life on the *wrong* side of the railroad tracks in Tennessee, of the warmth, passion and high good humor of a people who have made a colorful life of their own in the white man's world.

Tommy Lee Feathers

BY ED BELL

author of FISH ON THE STEEPLE

308 pages, $2.50 FARRAR & RINEHART

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fined his book to the first thirty years of his life in Donegal.

With an affection and nostalgia bordering on the saccharine, Mr. MacManus recalls his childhood in a small community in the Donegal hills. We hear of the barefooted children tramping the roads to school, bringing their contribution of turf for the schoolroom fire and of pence for the underpaid schoolmaster, of the scarcity of books and the widespread gift for music and story-telling, the latter so common that when Mr. MacManus returned with American gold in his pocket for the sale of those same stories, his friends could not believe that the retelling of them had earned money, so they preferred not to inquire as to how he had come by his wealth in America. Their publication here, incidentally, involved the author in a charge of plagiarism, which was settled only by the discovery that these folk tales were the common lore of people as far from Donegal as the Turks, the Arabians, and the Persians.

Mr. MacManus became a public school teacher, in his turn, and his only political references are to the interference by the British government inspectors with his efforts to give a national education to the children in a National School—as the public schools in Ireland were ironically called, since everything relating to Irish nationality was taboo until the establishment of the Irish Free State. While schoolmastering and looking forward to his government pension in old age, Mr. MacManus began to write poems and stories, until finally he emerged as a real "book author." His first steps in the paths of Irish provincial journalism are described with humor, a humor perhaps enhanced by the exceptional luck which seems to have attended Mr. MacManus's efforts to break into print, from three years of weekly contributions to the *Donegal Vindicator*—for which he finally was paid, as a favor, $2.50—to his cordial reception by Mr. Alden of *Harper's*, when he arrived as a greenhorn in New York. He sold six out of seven stories, and for the first time in his life received the sum of one hundred dollars for one of them.

In the main, however, Mr. MacManus is not so much concerned with himself as a writer as with Donegal and his own people. His descriptions are of local scenes and local characters, wakes and marriages, superstitions and customs which are gradually dying out. He writes here in the manner to which his readers are accustomed, a manner which, in its earliest manifestations, was accused of Stage Irishism, and which still has too thick a brogue and too much blarney to be acceptable to any but the uncritical. At any moment, one expects to hear a jig or a reel, and hear someone shout: "Will ye tread on the tail of me coat?" However, that is the note which Mr. MacManus has struck from the beginning, and those who liked it in his stories will like it in this chapter of autobiography.

Sensitive Boyhood

THE PAST MUST ALTER. By Albert J. Guerard. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AT the age of twenty a new novelist who is worth our attention emerges from the West. His first book, here under review, has already appeared in England. A previous version of its concluding chapters won *Hound and Horn's* intercollegiate competition, and Edward J. O'Brien three-starred it in one of his anthologies.

The book covers three crowded years in the life of young Jim Simmons, from the age of ten to thirteen. His rapidly growing knowledge of life arises from his deep affection for his unstable, gambling father, who is at the same time a brilliant journalist, and for his beautiful mother, thwarted in her endeavor to make a quiet, happy home for her footloose husband and little son. The growing boy, abnormally sensitive, is constantly watching and trying to understand his parents. After his father leaves for the War, as a correspondent, and the happy triumvirate of the family is disrupted, Jim's life is bound up with that of his mother and subject to painful and conflicting emotions. The author shows the unceasing emotional tension of a deeply affectionate and sensitive boy, in a fresh and impressive manner.

The words of Jim's mother, Diane, to his prospective second father, Ralph Howard, are significant. She is comparing older people to the young:

> We're dull . . . we've many feelings, and only one or two are really strong. Even they aren't clear. . . . With Jim they're all strong and they're all too clear.

In detail the book is so vivid as to suggest that, like most first novels, it draws heavily upon childhood recollections. The impressions of childhood are the sharpest, and it is only when a novelist is forced by his material to write imaginatively of situations and states of mind of which he himself has no such indelible memories that we can really measure his achievement. A number of first books, drawing largely upon youthful impressions, have failed to be followed by work of wider range. We do not believe this will occur in the case of Mr. Guerard.

The scene of the story shifts from Deering, Iowa, to Carmel, California, to Paris, to Davos. Jim's father, Fritz, lovable and reckless; his mother, gallant and loyal; and various minor characters, are well studied, though one important character, that of Ralph Howard, never really seems to come to life. Mr. Guerard writes with clarity, economy of means, a sense of drama, and a sense of structure. He has an interesting story to tell. His style is not altogether formed as yet; he has a tendency to explain, though briefly, what the characters felt or thought in certain situations, instead of making it altogether apparent in their actions and words. And sometimes when he strives to be effective through terseness, he succeeds merely in being rather clumsily blunt. But these are, after all, minor faults. With his equipment, Mr. Guerard should advance to even more significant stories. As it is, he has written, out of a gifted imagination and with commendable craftsmanship, a story of sensitive boyhood that is sympathetic without being mawkish.

Prejudice in Peking

LIKE WATER FLOWING. By Margaret Mackprang Mackay. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock (a John Day Book). 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL CROW

LINDA HEYWOOD, the charming daughter of a New England father and a Chinese mother, was dancing on the moonlit roof of one of the famous hotels of Peking. It was the happiest day of her young and vigorous life, for she had just become engaged to Lieutenant Ronald Fenwick of the British army. With the black walls of Peking, the silhouette of the Western Hills against the blue of the Peking sky, the moonlight, the gay chatter of the cosmopolitan crowd, the setting for Linda's moment of happiness was complete. Then she heard some people at the next table talking about her. The dread word "Eurasian" was used and the spell was broken.

Linda had fallen the victim of the cruel prejudices against those of mixed blood—a prejudice which has been responsible for countless tragedies in the Far East. The instinct of racial purity is universal, but falls with special cruelty on the Eurasian who lives on the China Coast. The Chinese mother may be socially acceptable. The American or British father may be of distinguished ancestry. But their children are social outcasts who may be tolerated by a few but move within a narrow and limited circle. Even in men's clubs the Eurasian finds it difficult to gain membership and in many they are excluded entirely. This is in spite of the fact that many have but a touch of Oriental blood and cannot be distinguished from the native born American or Englishman.

Linda struggled against this wall of prejudice, but in vain. The cruel and uncharitable hand of social convention was against her. Miss Mackay has told the tragic story of the Eurasian with sympathy and understanding. She has done more than that, for she has, with a genius for vivid phrases, painted an interesting and accurate picture of Peking. Anyone who has ever lived there will recognize at once the genuineness of the characters who move with unhurried steps through the interesting story.

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Living up to Ideals

ROBESPIERRE: THE INCORRUPTIBLE. By Friederich Sieburg. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IF you object to biographers who try very hard to get inside the streams of consciousness of their subjects, you will not like this latest life of Robespierre. Dr. Sieburg begins with Robespierre's death, and gives us several pages of what went on in the fallen hero's mind as he lay in the Tuileries, his shattered jaw in a rough bandage. From there, with frequent flashbacks, and a good many time-outs to introduce supporting characters or to reflect on the mysteries and delights of being a Frenchman, the story leads through three hundred pages to Robespierre's burial. Dr. Sieburg's earlier "Gott in Frankreich," translated as "Is God a Frenchman?" showed that he could write refreshingly on the national characteristics of the French, and on the whole he keeps up his standard in this book. His skill at narrative is not so great; perhaps he has too deliberately avoided the dullness of conventional biography, worked too anxiously to step up the intensity of episodes which might gain from a more sober reporting. He is irritatingly final about a good deal which isn't at all final —Robespierre's jaw-wound, for instance. Nobody knows, and nobody ever can know, now, whether in that horrible moment at the Hotel de Ville when his enemies burst in upon him he tried to commit suicide, or whether the gendarme Méda shot him. Méda himself deposed at length that he had fired the shot, and there is a whole monograph on the subject. But suicide is more dramatic, and Dr. Sieburg has decided on suicide.

Yet, though this book has many of the defects which the more sober-minded find inevitable in a *biographie romancée,* it is in some ways the best short account of Robespierre available in English. For Dr. Sieburg realizes that Robespierre was no ordinary politician, not even the French equivalent of a Jeffersonian democrat. He was the high-priest of a revolutionary sect who came to brief power in a crisis partly the result of foreign and civil war, partly the result of the skillful tactics and ruthless determination of that sect known to us as the Jacobins. Robespierre rose to the top because of qualities which would in ordinary times condemn him to political failure—doctrinaire adhesion to abstract ideas, refusal to compromise, absolute incorruptibility. The Incorruptible One was not only above taking money bribes—Gladstone and many other successful political leaders have been incorruptible in that sense; he was above the subtle and necessary adjustments by which the trained politician keeps conflicting groups working together. The guillotine was as necessary an end to his career as the fire to a martyr.

Dr. Sieburg makes very clear that Robespierre was an uncompromising religious idealist in action, that for him the Reign of Terror was but the beginning of the Reign of Virtue. Neither terror nor virtue could long remain "the order of the day"; but not, as Dr. Sieburg maintains, because Robespierre was a bad Frenchman, or because the French are too sensible, too human and pleasure-loving, for so unworldly a regime. The Reign of Virtue lasted not much longer in Puritan England and in Bolshevik Russia. The tension of actually trying to live up to very high ideals seems more than any large group of people of any nationality can bear.

Pioneer Traveler

WAH-TO-YAH AND THE TAOS TRAIL. By Lewis H. Garrard. Edited by Ralph P. Bieber. Glendale, Cal.: Arthur H. Clark Co. 1938. $6.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THIS is the first complete, accurate, and well-edited reprint of Garrard's famous narrative of travel from Missouri to the Southwest. The book is not only full of important source material on the early days of Kit Carson and the mountain men, but it is a delightfully lively narrative of personal adventures. Garrard was a young man, he enjoyed himself enormously, and he writes as a young man who wants to tell frankly and freely what he has seen. One need not have a great interest in the history of the country or the period to enjoy his story.

The footnotes and other editing are held to an excellent minimum, the illustrations are well chosen, and the makeup of the book is first class.

Crescent City

NEW ORLEANS CITY GUIDE. Compiled by the WPA Writers' Project and edited by Lyle Saxon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by THAD ST. MARTIN

THIS book really accomplishes what it sets out to do; it is a faithful guide for the stranger in New Orleans. It opens with a list of hotels, transportation facilities, restaurants, churches, bars, sports, complete as to detail, but without fanfare. A banker, a preacher, a gambler, or an artist can find what he desires. A Mormon far away from the bosom of his family can find a place of worship. A schoolmarm can find accommodations at the "Y" for seventy-five cents a day. A colored gentleman looking for a little night life can find it "red hot"; for, in New Orleans, when a colored gentleman steps out he is out.

Nearly one-third of the book is devoted to tours. Their descriptions are detailed and accurate. The most picturesque and colorful of these tours is that through the *Vieux Carré.* Just reading about it becomes an adventure. Then follow tours of the water front, Canal Street, Audubon Park, Garden District, Irish Channel, a plantation tour that extends as far as Baton Rouge, and others below the city to the old stamping grounds of Jean Lafitte.

The book represents a tremendous amount of work. It is well arranged and balanced. One glimpses through the written word a charm that has not been stressed unduly, for this guidebook not only lists points of interest, but gives a comprehensive account of the early history of New Orleans, the true atmosphere of its background, and the influences that contributed toward making it a city apart.

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A Speculative Philosopher

THE UNITY OF PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE. By Etienne Gilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

THIS is, for the general reader, possibly the most important book to come from the pen of the eminent historian of medieval philosophy whose scholarship and insight have been a philosophical influence of the first order in both Europe and this country. For Professor Gilson, though most renowned as a medieval scholar, is, as this book particularly well shows, a speculative philosopher in his own right. It is almost impossible, as he himself points out in the preface, to write the history of philosophy, or to write it well, without being to some degree a philosopher or revealing one's own metaphysics. Readers of Professor Gilson's earlier works were indeed fairly well able to know where he stood in general on metaphysical issues. He stood, and stands, with Aristotle and with Thomas Aquinas.

But to many readers it has long seemed high time that Professor Gilson wrote directly upon ultimate philosophical themes, and not let his own conception of philosophy be a matter of inference and hearsay. He has satisfied a legitimate curiosity admirably in this volume composed of the William James lectures given two years ago at Harvard. The very title is a tribute to and an implied criticism of James. For William James, on the whole, insisted (as by the way does this reviewer) on the varieties of philosophical experience, just as he insisted on the varieties of religious experience. Professor Gilson insists on the unity of philosophical experience, and explains all failures in the history of philosophy—and he thinks that history is studded with failures—to be because of an inability to perceive or properly to use that unity.

The major part of the book is a series of illustrations drawn from the story of philosophy, full of shrewd as well as learned criticism, though M. Gilson hardly carries as much scholarly authority in the field of modern philosophy as in his own field of medieval studies. It will not come as a surprise that he sees little in modern philosophy that is genuinely philosophical and finds not only the solution of technical issues in metaphysics but human liberty and human dignity themselves to depend on the renascence of the eternal principles of Aquinas and Aristotle.

The unity of philosophical experience for Professor Gilson consists in the fact that where ultimate questions are raised, or indeed where any individual fact is encountered, the nature of being is at once intuited and involved. Man is a rational animal; reason gives ultimate knowledge; the ultimate object of knowledge is Being. The trouble with modern philosophy, especially since Hume, has been its attempt to do without metaphysics by a skepticism often half-hearted and always confusing. All forms of empiricism and pragmatism are forms of skepticism, we are told, and man cannot live by skepticism alone or live by it long. As a result new dogmatisms arise, and in our own time there has been an attempt at a dogmatism allegedly without metaphysics, though it has a confused one—namely Marxism. Our medievalist sets down both communism and fascism as being tarred with the same stick, the dogmatism of irrationality, of the degradation of the unique dignity of man.

Man's dignity and his salvation, we are told (and Professor Gilson means by salvation what Dante and Thomas Aquinas meant by it) come through reason, and reason in philosophy is the return to first principles, without which no other knowledge has clarity, coherence, or meaning. Those first principles are the ultimate categories of Being, and above all the category of Being itself, which a disciplined reason may come to know.

Space does not permit a detailed examination of critique of Gilson's thesis, or citation of his many shrewd comments on historical figures, especially Kant and Hegel and Marx, or to point out the easy and graceful brilliance of this French philosopher's English prose. But to those who want to know in good English where Neo-Thomism leads one, and what it has to say of and to the contemporary world of science and politics, this book is urgently recommended.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE AFFAIR OF THE GINGER LEI *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Skipper drops dead as yacht wins race. Other deaths follow and Huntoon Rogers stops bullet before quelling killer.	Bracing seascapes, heady island atmosphere, interesting murder method, copious intrigue, and shrewd sleuthing.	First class
THE ODOR OF BITTER ALMONDS *James G. Edwards, M.D.* (Crime Club: $2.)	Cyanide and "snicker snee" carry off doctor and two others in sanitarium. Insp. Bondurant takes charge.	Peppermint-sucking sleuth has difficult time with medicos, paranoiacs, and other odd fish in death-swept booby-hatch.	Average
THE GREY MIST MURDERS *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Ranks of world-cruise tourists in South Seas sadly depleted by ghostly killer who finally succumbs to insouciant amateur.	Motive open to certain doubts but tale is pleasantly told by sprightly lass, and hint of supernatural supplies plentiful shivers.	Mystifying

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 11)

that expedition can be written. My home town library didn't have a copy of that book; the New York Public Library (where first I saw it) wouldn't let it go out of the reference room. I tried to buy a copy from the most logical source and failed. Then after next trying unsuccessfully practically all the second-hand book shops in New York, in desperation I asked a Congressman (not mine) to try to buy for me at any price that rare book, or (failing that) to beg, borrow, or steal it from any Government department in Washington having a copy. He obliged by drawing the copy belonging to the House of Representatives and loaning it to me. For two years, I've had that invaluable book in my home.

Now for that favor, I gratefully took occasion to thank Congressman Celler of New York in my preface to "Hell on Ice." This produces from Colcord the following remarkable sentence intended to show me up for Heaven only knows what:

"Then if you want to run through the Congressional Investigation . . . you won't have to get your Congressman to delve into secret records, as Commander Ellsberg did; I can give you copies from the shelf of a private library in New York, or you can go to any Public Library, or you can send to the Superintendent of Documents in Washington and buy them for a nominal sum."

I contemplate that gem from Colcord's embattled pen, somehow intended to sink me, and almost burst with laughter. Nearly every statement in that sentence isn't so! And that from a man whose fetish is accuracy, always ready, aye and willing too, to damn any unfortunate author who makes a slip!

"Your Congressman . . . as Commander Ellsberg did"; *my* Congressman, Mr. Colcord? Congressman Celler, whom I mentioned by name in my preface, isn't *my* Congressman; he's from New York, and I'm from New Jersey.

"*Secret* records"? Who, save Colcord, ever said they were secret? I never did.

"You can go to *any* Public Library." Now, Mr. Colcord, really one shouldn't take in so much territory. *Any* is a broad term. My home town library hasn't it. Do the Public Libraries in such large cities as Newark, Bangor, Newport, Albany, Elizabeth, New London, Springfield, Hartford, or New Haven qualify under your hastily-spoken *any*? Well, don't go to any of them either; they haven't it. New York has it certainly (that's where I first saw it) but the great majority of

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our thousands of Public Libraries must, sad to relate, be set down as being excluded from your ill-advised *any*.

"Or you can send to the Superintendent of Documents in Washington and buy them for a nominal sum." Can you really, Mr. Colcord? Where do you think *I* first sent when I wanted to buy those fifty-five-year-old Government documents? You can send all right, but that's all the good it does you. The answer I got three years ago was that the documents mentioned were unobtainable from the Superintendent of Documents for a nominal or for any other sum. Still, after reading Colcord's flat pronunciamento to the contrary, I wrote again on March 18, 1938, asking to buy those books. The reply was the same as three years ago, "Publications exhausted."

Having now completely demolished Melville and me, Colcord lets go with his main battery in a final crushing salvo at my poor, defenseless book, "Hell on Ice."

"Honestly, don't you think this business of fictionalizing our classics of adventure and exploration under the assumption of scholarship, is getting a little raw? Why not read the classics themselves?"

Passing lightly over the "Honestly," where does this "assumption of scholarship" come in? I'm only a sailor and an engineer, like my fellow victim, Melville. I've never dared even to assume I was a real author, let alone a scholar. But what has scholarship, assumed or unassumed, to do with "Hell on Ice," anyway? And what's so raw about fictionalizing adventure that it should pain Mr. Colcord? There are good precedents going back several millenniums. Homer started it perhaps, when he fictionalized the Trojan legends into the Iliad and the Odyssey; Shakespeare followed up when he took Plutarch's "Lives" and made grand plays out of them. As Mr. Morley says, Nordhoff and Hall only lately did it with "Mutiny on the Bounty."

So when in "Hell on Ice" I make a living story out of the dead and buried history of the *Jeannette*, for the first and only time presenting the *whole* heroic story between the covers of one moderate-sized book, instead of leaving its disjointed parts scattered through the twelve-inch bulk and 3,303 pages of four much expurgated and bowlderized books and two rare volumes of ponderous legal testimony which, believe it or not, Colcord seriously recommends to the average reader (but which no one alive today except myself, I believe, has ever read completely or ever will read) what's so raw about that?

"Why not read the classics themselves?"

Well, Mr. Colcord, if your best friend hasn't yet told you the answer to that one, perhaps I ought to. For the simple reason that most of the books you mention in your letter aren't classics at all except in your own overheated imagination, and that doesn't make them such.

And now, honestly, Mr. Editor, don't you think it's high time this self-appointed guardian of the literature of the sea abdicated, and gave both authors and readers a well-earned rest?

EDWARD ELLSBERG.

Westfield, N. J.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q., back at the Fantods after strenuous weeks in the Middle West, is busy gardening; he doats upon daffodils and, like the wise men in Benson's pretty poem about the Phoenix, "is with gazing most content." ☞Across the road the willow trees are letting down their hair and remind him of the Book Trade. ☞His visit to rural Illinois ranged from 80 Fahrenheit (in March) to a 9-inch blizzard (in April) with a tornado on the side. ☞In Chicago, where he tarried only briefly, he had no chance for a proper Survey but noticed several oddities. Marshall Field's, in their Easter window-display of religious books and Christian charity, had the accidental misfortune to show a very beautiful Bible open at Jeremiah 15 and 16 which are a bit partisan. ☞Mr. Goodpasture of Chicago Brentano's was busy with the final alterations for the new store on Wabash Avenue, just opposite Carson Pirie Scott, to which they move early in May. ☞Both Mr. Goodpasture and Mr. Ralph Henry of the C.P.S. Book Department believe that their new proximity will be advantageous to both. ☞We suggested to Ralph Henry that by an ingenious arrangement of a mirror and a beam of light he could pick up an image of Brentano's display and reflect it on a screen in his own window, thus getting a fine show without the trouble of dressing it. Mr. Henry was greatly shocked by such inethical ideas and said he wouldn't think of it. ☞But the resulting hullabaloo would be fine publicity.

☞The book that we most hankered to read, but had no chance to, was *Letters to the Amazon*, by De Gourmont we think, seen in the study of Professor Ralph Sargent at Knox College. ☞The phonograph records of Carl Sandburg's guitar-singing ballads are a great hit in the Midwest. ☞At Carson Pirie's our friend Mrs. Hutchings had just received word that she had won a prize in the *Fashion is Spinach* essay competition. It was to be an "accessory" from Elizabeth Hawes's 1938 repertoire of modes, and Hutch was wondering what it would be. ☞First prize in this competition was won by Marie Twaddell of the Hidden Bookshop, 120 Broadway; second by Marion Bacon of the Vassar Co-op. ☞Among adventures: riding the Denver *Zephyr*, an argent caravan of high speed; Bernard Schimmel's cheesecake at the Custer Hotel in Galesburg; and being allotted one of the old not yet redecorated rooms at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, where one of the run-down clocks was still visible on the wall (though with broken hands). Our idea has always been that these clocks were put in when the old Congress was built for the '93 World's Fair, to prevent visitors from missing any of the excitements of the Midway.

☞Old Q. may be pardoned a tender mitral murmur, caused by a letter from Columbia University Press. This department's note about the Facsimile Text Society's little books occasioned about 300 requests for information, sold over $100 worth, and 11 "librolescents" joined up in the F.T.S. ☞Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the only speaker at the American Booksellers' Association Convention banquet on May 17, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y. C. ☞The New York Drama Critics' Circle, at a meeting last Monday, voted to present its Award for the best play of the 1937-8 season to John Steinbeck for *Of Mice and Men*. Twelve critics voted for *Of Mice and Men*, with four (Atkinson, *Times;* Brown, *Post;* Krutch, *Nation;* Ruth Sedgwick, *Stage*) holding out for Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. ☞Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance* was unanimously selected as the best new foreign play of the season.

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Double-Crostics: No. 213

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1-R		2-E	3-I	4-G		5-H	6-W		7-K	8-Y	9-C	10-O	11-J		12-N	
13-L		14-O	15-W	16-C	17-Q	18-U	19-X	20-L	21-E		22-E	23-D	24-X	25-N		
26-Z	27-J	28-E	29-F	30-Q		31-V	32-S	33-P	34-Y	35-U	36-B	37-X	38-W	39-N		
40-E	41-S		42-F	43-G	44-H	45-D	46-Y		47-G		48-E	49-T	50-A		51-B	
52-D		53-S	54-V	55-Q	56-Z	57-J	58-N	59-K	60-T	61-W		62-A		63-O	64-M	
65-H		66-R	67-K	68-F	69-T		70-R	71-S	72-F	73-O	74-M		75-G	76-D	77-B	
78-Q		79-A	80-C	81-W		82-V	83-M	84-P	85-O	86-L	87-R	88-K	89-J	90-T	91-E	
	92-S	93-K	94-Y	95-F		96-D		97-Y	98-G	99-K	100-L	101-U	102-P	103-X	104-T	
	105-F	106-O	107-M	108-W	109-R	110-X	111-U		112-F	113-Y	114-T	115-O	116-E	117-B	118-H	
	119-I	120-A	121-B	122-M		123-J	124-Y	125-Z	126-U	127-T	128-B	129-G		130-W	131-B	
132-C	133-A		134-A		135-X	136-R	137-S	138-B	139-A		140-A	141-C	142-E		143-L	
144-I	145-C	146-H	147-Q	148-Z	149-O	150-D	151-A		152-H		153-P	154-S	155-C	156-T	157-F	
	158-L	159-N	160-D	161-M	162-T	163-I		164-P	165-X	166-N	167-Y	168-U	169-W	170-H		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Second of the four Hindu castes.

B. Abstruse.

C. Goddess of peace and fertility (Teut.).

D. English poet (1893-).

E. Author of "Moral Tales for Young People."

F. Prates, gabbles.

G. Rough with bristles or spines.

H. Author of "New Grub Street."

I. German composer (1822-1882).

J. Savory meat jelly.

K. Empty of real worth.

L. Self-assurance.

M. Form of dramatic entertainment.

N. Existent.

O. Played lightly with.

P. Inflates, puffs up.

Q. Patriarch, said to "have walked with God."

R. Style of architecture.

S. Ceremonies; obsequies.

T. Welsh watering place.

U. Members of ancient British religious order.

V. Goddess of Dawn (Gr. myth).

W. Novel by Thackeray.

X. Characterized by stupidity.

Y. Resembling a grave robber.

Z. Limits.

WORDS

139 50 133 140 79 120 62 151 134

36 51 121 77 128 117 131 138

141 145 9 132 80 155 16

76 96 45 23 52 150 160

21 142 91 116 48 40 28 22 2

29 42 68 105 157 95 72 112

43 47 129 98 75 4

170 152 146 118 44 5 65

144 3 119 163

27 11 123 89 57

88 59 99 67 93 7

100 143 86 13 158 20

122 107 74 83 64 161

39 166 12 58 25 159

149 115 106 14 10 73 85 63

102 84 153 33 164

147 55 78 17 30

66 109 136 70 1 87

154 41 32 137 53 71 92

162 127 49 90 69 60 104 156 114

111 18 35 168 126 101

31 54 82

169 81 130 38 6 108 15 61

24 135 165 37 19 110 103

167 113 8 124 34 94 97 46

26 148 125 56

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